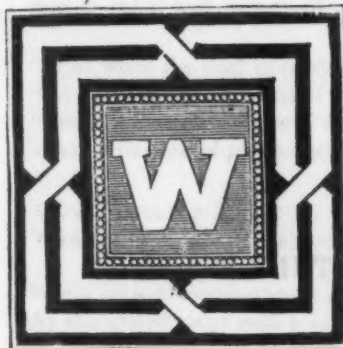


ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1845.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride.
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And 'Let us worship God,' he says with solemn air."



E feel half inclined to quote all that precedes and follows the above lines, but must content ourselves with giving them alone, as a description of the scene represent-

ed by the accompanying engraving. *The Farmer's Ingle* begins with describing the return of evening. The toils of the day are over, and the farmer retires to his comfortable fireside. The reception which he and his men-servants receive from the careful house-wife, is pleasingly described. After their supper is over, they begin to talk on the moral events of the day.

"Bout kirk and market eke, their tales gae on,
How Jock wooed Jenny here to be his bride," &c.

The "Guidame" is next introduced, as forming a circle round the fire, in the midst of her grandchildren, and, while she spins from the rock, and the spindle plays on her "russet lap," she is relating tales of witches and ghosts. The poet exclaims:

"O mock na this, my friends! but rather mourn,
Ye in life's brawest spring, wi' reason clear,
Wi' eild our idle fancies a' return,
And dim our doleful days wi' bairnly fear;
The mind's aye cradled when the grave is near."

"In the mean time, the farmer, wearied with the fatigues of the day, stretches himself at length upon the *Settle*, a sort of rustic couch which

ed by the accompanying engraving.

We extract the following remarks upon this beautiful poem, taken from a critical notice of the works of Burns written by Doct. Currie, as being better adapted to our present purpose than any thing we could say ourselves.

"Among the serious poems of Burns, *The Cotter's Saturday Night* is perhaps entitled to the first rank. *The Farmer's Ingle* of Fergusson evidently suggested the plan of this poem, as has been already mentioned; but after the plan was formed, Burns trusted entirely to his own powers for the execution. Fergusson's poem is certainly very beautiful. It has all the charms which depend on rural characters and manners happily portrayed, and exhibited under circumstances

extends on one side of the fire, and the cat and house dog leap upon it, to receive his caresses. Here, resting at his ease, he gives his directions to his men-servants for the succeeding day. The house-wife follows his example and gives her orders to the maidens. By degrees, the oil in the cruise begins to fail; the fire runs low; sleep steals on this rustic group; and they move off to enjoy their slumbers. The poet concludes by bestowing his blessings on the "husbandman and all his tribe."

"This is an original and truly interesting pastoral. It possesses every thing required in this species of composition. We might, perhaps have said,—every thing that it admits, had not Burns written his *Cotter's Saturday Night*."

"The cottager, returning from his labors, has no servants to accompany him, to partake of his fare, or to receive his instructions. The circle which he joins is composed of his wife and children only; and, if it admits of less variety, it affords an opportunity for representing scenes that more strongly interest the affections. The younger children running to meet him and clambering round his knees; the elder, returning from their weekly labors with the neighboring farmers, dutifully depositing their little gains with their parents, and receiving their father's blessing and instructions; the incidents of the courtship of Jenny, their eldest daughter, "woman grown;" are circumstances of the most interesting kind,

which are most happily delineated; and, after their frugal supper, the representation of these humble cottagers, forming a wider circle round the hearth, and uniting in the worship of God, is a picture the most deeply affecting of any the rural muse has ever presented to the view. Burns was admirably adapted to this delineation. Like all men of genius, he was of the temperament of devotion, and the powers of memory co-operated in this instance with the sensibility of his heart, and the fervor of his imagination.*

"*The Cotter's Saturday Night*, is tender and moral,—it is seldom solemn and devotional,—and rises at length into a strain of grandeur and sublimity, which modern poetry has hardly surpassed. The noble sentiments with which it concludes, correspond with the rest of the poem. In no age or country, have the pastoral muses breathed such elevated accents, if the Messiah of Pope be excepted, which is, indeed, a pastoral in form only. It is to be regretted that Burns did not employ his genius on subjects of the same nature, which the manners and customs of the Scottish peasantry would have amply supplied. Such poetry is not to be estimated by the degree of pleasure which it bestows; it sinks deeply into the heart, and is calculated, far beyond any other human means, for giving permanence to the scenes and characters it so exquisitely describes."

* The reader will recollect that the Cotter was Burns's father.

I DREAMED OF MY MOTHER.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.



DREAM'D of my mother,
and sweet to my soul
Was the brief-given spell
of that vision's control:
I thought she stood by me,
all cheerful and mild
As when to her bosom I
clung as a child.

Her features were bright with the smiles that she wore,
When heeding my idle-tongued prattle of yore;
And her voice had that kindly and silvery strain
That from childhood had dwelt in the depths of my brain.

She spoke of the days of her girlhood and youth—
Of life and its cares, and of hope and its truth;

And she seem'd as an angel just wing'd from above,
To bring me a message of duty and love.

She told of her thoughts at the old village school—
Of her walks with her playmates when loos'd from
its rule—
Of her rambles for berries, and when they were o'er
Of the mirth-making groups at the white cottage door.

She painted the garden, so sweet to the view,
Where the wren made its nest and the pet-flowers
grew—
Of the trees that she lov'd for their scent and their
shade,
Where the robin, and wild-bee, and humming-bird
play'd.

And she spoke of the greenwood which border'd the farm,

Where her glad moments glided unmix'd with alarm—
Of the well by the wicket, whose waters were free,
And the lake with its white margin travers'd in glee.

And she ponder'd delighted the joys to retrace
Of the family scenes of that ruraliz'd place,—
Of its parties and bridals, its loves and its spells—
Its heart-clinging ties, and its sadden'd farewells.

She pictur'd the meeting-house, where, with the throng,
She heard the good pastor, and sang the sweet song—
Of the call from the pulpit,—the feast at the shrine,
And the hallow'd communings with feelings divine.

"And listen, my son!" she did smilingly say,
"If 't is pleasant to sing it is sweeter to pray—
If the future is bright in the day of thy prime,
That brightness may grow with the fading of time.

"As the bow bringeth promise while arching the skies,
With its beautiful glory emblaz'd on the eyes—
Though blended with ether its loveliness fade,
The splendor is lost not, but only delayed.

"What healing like hope's shall the mourners restore,
When their sad bosoms sigh over pleasures no more,
As back to the place of departure they gaze,
Where the moonlight of memory mellowly plays?

"But thy present, my son, as its brief moments flee,
Is the prize to be seiz'd and be cherished by thee—
'T is the earnest of joys that no time can impair,
And is link'd with a peace that I may not declare.

"And when the frail strength of humanity fades,
And darkness the eye-ball of nature invades,
From thy Pisgah of Hope 't will be sweet to behold,
What a Canaan of glories her hand has unroll'd.

"Look up to thy Maker, my son, and rejoice!"
Was the last gentle whisper that came from that voice,
While its soft soothing tones on my dreaming ear fell,
As she glided away with a smiling farewell.

There are dreams of the heavens, and dreams of the earth,
And dreams of disease that to phantoms give birth,

But the hearer of angels, awake or asleep,
Has a vision to love, to remember and keep.

I woke from the spell of that visit of night,
And inly commun'd with a quiet delight,
And the past, and the present, and future survey'd,
In the darkness presented, by fancy array'd.

I thought of the scenes when that mother was nigh,
In a soft sunny land and beneath a mild sky,
When at matins we walk'd to the health-giving
spring,
With the dew on the grass, and the birds on the wing.

Of the draughts at the fount as the white sun arose,
And the views from the bluffs where the broad river
flows—
Of the sound from the shore of the fisherman's strain,
And the sight of the ship as it sail'd to the main.

Of the wild-flowers pluck'd from the glen and the field,
And the beauties the meadows and gardens
revealed—
Of all that she paus'd to explain or explore,
'Till I learn'd in my wonder to think and adore.

And of joys that attended the fire side scene,
When woodlands and meadows no longer were green—
Of the sports, and the tales, and the holiday glee,
That ever were rife at that fond mother's knee.

Of the duties of home, and the studies of school,
With the many delights that divided their rule,
'Till the sunshine of boyhood had ended, and brought
The cares and the shadows of manhood and thought.

And I sigh'd for the scenes that had faded away—
For the forms that had fallen from age to decay—
For the friends who had vanish'd, while looking before
To paths that their feet were forbid to explore.

And glancing beyond, through the vista of time,
With a soul full of hope, and with life in its prime,
Though flowers by memory cherish'd had died,
Life's garden was still with some blossoms supplied.

And oft as that dream to my spirit comes back,
A newness of thought re-illumes my track;
For it seems as a spell undefin'd and alone,
Of something concerned with the vast and unknown.

THE SUPPLICATION.

LEAVE me not yet! through rosy skies from far,
But now the song-birds to their nest return;
The quivering image of the first pale star
On the dim lake scarce yet begins to burn:
Leave me not yet!

Not yet! Oh, hark! low tones from hidden streams
Piercing the shivery leaves e'en now arise;
Their voices mingle not with day-light dreams—

They are of vesper's hymns and harmonies:
Leave me not yet!

My thoughts are like those gentle sounds, dear love,
By day shut up in their own still recess;
They wait for dews on earth, for stars above,
Then to breathe out their soul of tenderness.
Leave me not yet!
HEMANS.

THE HEIRESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XXI.



ON the Monday following, Laura went, as she had agreed, to the house of Mrs. Grant.

Anna strove to feel indifferent, but this was impossible. Try all she would to ban-

ish from her mind thoughts of her aunt, and the probable result of Laura's engagement to sew for her, they constantly intruded themselves.

As the day wore on from morning until noon, and the forenoon towards evening, she found, her hand less true in performing its task, and her heart less calm and even in its pulsations.

At six, Laura was to be home. But long before five o'clock, Anna was compelled to lay aside her work, for the simple reason, that her trembling fingers could hold the needle no longer.

When, at length, her friend returned, she was able to assume an air of external indifference. Laura said nothing about Mrs. Grant, or her family, for some time after she came in, and Anna, though all eagerness, (an eagerness that she struggled in vain to suppress,) to hear what had transpired through the day, asked no questions. At last Laura said, after looking into her face, steadily for a moment.

"How strongly you resemble your cousin Florence."

Anna started at this unexpected remark, while a deep flush passed over her face.

"Whom do you mean by my cousin Florence," she asked, quickly recovering herself, and looking somewhat sternly at Laura.

"I mean the daughter of your aunt," was replied. "There are two grown up girls—your cousins—Ella and Florence. The latter resembles you very much in her face; but there the likeness ceases. She is a proud, vain girl. I did not see much of Ella."

"Did you see my uncle?" asked Anna, striving, as she spoke, to prevent the interest she felt in the question from showing itself in the tones of her voice.

"No," was replied, "I eat my dinner with the housekeeper, and, therefore, did not see all the family."

"Did you learn whether he was living with Mr. and Mrs. Grant?"

"No, I had no opportunity to ask any questions of the housekeeper at the dinner table."

"Did you hear his name mentioned?"

"No."

"He may not even be alive."

There was a touch of sadness in the tone of Anna's voice, as she said this, that revealed the true state of her feelings.

"I cannot tell; but I will learn to-morrow," replied Laura.

Anna made no further remark on the subject.

"How have you felt to-day?" she asked, sometime afterwards.

"Not very well," Laura said. "I was troubled with a dull aching in my breast all the afternoon. Once or twice quick flushes of heat went over me, and then I grew faint. I was afraid, sometimes that I would not be able to keep up until night."

"You must not go out to-morrow," Anna said, in a concerned voice.

"I have promised your aunt, and do not wish to disappoint her. I hope I shall feel better in a day or two. Mrs. Grant has promised to have some work ready for me to bring home to you in a day or two."

"To me!"

"Yes, to you," Laura smiled. "I did not tell Mrs. Grant that you were her niece. I only told her that a friend of mine, who did not go out to sew in families, could do something for her if she wished it."

On the next morning Laura felt even more indisposed than on the previous evening. Anna urged her not to go out, but she could not be induced to remain at home. For two or three days she held on with great difficulty. But her overtasked strength at last yielded. She came home on the evening of the third day, quite sick. The pain in her left breast had increased—she breathed with difficulty—her skin was hot; and she had an irritating, dry, hacking cough.

She had told Mrs. Grant, on leaving her house that evening, that she was afraid she could not re-

turn; but proposed taking some work home, to which that lady assented. She brought with her a small bundle which was given into the hands of Anna. It contained several garments that were to be made.

The illness of Laura, for whom Anna now felt the tender love of a sister, banished from her mind all thoughts of her relatives—thoughts that had haunted her, and disturbed her spirits for several days. She had turned herself towards them, with reluctance. She turned from them again, without a lingering regret, and gave up all her mind to the care of Laura, for whose fate her heart trembled to its centre.

At first, it seemed that rest was all the sufferer needed. She slept through the night, and awoke on the next morning, apparently refreshed. Her pulse was calmer, the pain in her breast not so acute, and she breathed easier. But on attempting to rise, a dizziness caused her to sink back upon her pillow, while a deadly paleness overspread her face. In a little while she recovered from this, and was able to sit up in her bed; but Anna would not permit her to rise. She drew a little table up to her bed side, and set upon it their morning meal. Laura tried to eat, but she could only swallow part of a cup of tea. Her stomach loathed all food.

After breakfast she tried to sit up and sew. But she soon had to relinquish the attempt. The efforts to concentrate her mind upon her work, caused her head to swim, and a faintness to come over her.

"It will not do Laura. You are too sick to attempt any thing now. I must take your work from you," Anna said, when she saw the effect of the sick girl's efforts; and by gentle force she took her sewing from her hands, and removed from the bed, where it had been placed, her work basket.

"But your efforts will not be sufficient to support both of us," Laura returned, her eyes filling and her voice trembling.

"Mrs. Grand has often said to me, when I have given away to a desponding spirit," returned Anna, in a low, earnest voice; "that we are all the children of a Father, who is not only able to take care of us, but who loves us with a love far surpassing all human love. Give yourself up to Him, Laura. Feel that you are in his hands,—all will come out right at last."

A gleam of light passed over the face of the sick girl.

"My heart thanks you, Anna, for those words," she said, with much feeling. "How they cause to rush back upon me the memories of long past years, when such lessons were taught me by a mother, called too early away from her child."

*9

"Say not *too early*. Does not *He* (and Anna pointed upwards,) know best?"

"Was not your mother called from *you* too early?" Laura looked with a steady eye into the face of Anna.

"My heart says *yes*. But enlightened reason says *no*," was the reply. "It was long before I could assent to the truth of what Mrs. Grand so earnestly strove to impress upon my mind, that all things are under the direction of a wise and benevolent Providence, and that nothing is permitted to take place that is not for good. But so varied were the illustrations she gave me, and so often did she bring home to my mind facts and principles that I could no longer doubt. It is, it must be true. The death of my mother seemed the deepest wrong that could have been inflicted upon me. I murmured against it bitterly. But I see, already, that it was for good. To be spurned by my aunt, when I was homeless and penniless in a strange city, had in it, to my mind, no sign of any thing but evil. But, what I have gained of moral strength of character, and a knowledge of the laws of Divine Providence from an association with Mrs. Grand, I would not give for all the favors such a woman as my aunt is, could possibly bestow upon me. Had I been permitted to choose my course in life, I would have remained in Cincinnati, but I obeyed a mother's dying injunction. When I arrived in this city, I had but one hope—I saw but one refuge—my relative's favor; my relative's protection. I obtained neither. It has, I am free to acknowledge been better for me that I was cast off by them. Trust me, Laura, all is right. We are alone upon the earth, but we have a father in heaven."

Before Anna, who was holding in hers the hand of Laura, had ceased speaking, the eyelids of the other, from beneath which tears were glistening, had drooped low upon her pale cheeks; but the whole expression of her face had become softened and a faint smile played about her lips. A strong pressure of the hand was, for some moments, her only response. Then she said, in a low voice, that struggled to retain its calmness,

"You are right, dear Anna! We shall be cared for. *You* will be cared for."

Laura's feelings here overcame her, and she sobbed aloud.

Anna understood too well, the meaning of the last sentence—a meaning that forced itself upon her, suddenly, as prophetic, and caused every fibre of her soul to thrill with anguish. Her own heart too, overflowed. Twining her arms about the neck of Laura, she laid her cheek to hers, and mingled her own tears with those of her weeping friend.

CHAPTER XXII.

"ONE week more, and all will be safe," was the remark of Mason Grant, as he drew his chair before the well filled grate, where glowed the first fire of the season. "I shall then sleep soundly, what I have not done for the last twelve months."

"I wish that girl had been dead, before she came here," was the reply of Mrs. Grant, who was alone in the parlor with her husband. "How freely I shall breathe in a week from to-day!"

"Yes, freely indeed! I shall then be happy. What a long time of anxious suspense I have had! I wonder if your brother thinks the period of limitation so near?"

"I should think not."

"We must n't, for the world, give him a hint of the fact. Ten chances to one, if he would n't go to advertising in every newspaper in the city, and have this girl coming forward at the last moment."

"He is insane enough to do any thing, it seems: But, has it never crossed your mind, Mr. Grant, that all danger is not past even after we are safely beyond the day of limitation?"

Mr. Grant looked alarmed.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"My brother is rich."

"Well?"

"And a bachelor."

"I know."

"We have, naturally, large expectations for our girls."

"We certainly have."

"When he dies——"

Mrs. Grant could not help feeling a touch of shame, as she uttered her thoughts. A slight glow tinged her cheeks.

"When he dies, the bulk of his property will revert to Florence and Ellen, if——"

"If what?" quickly asked her husband.

"If this girl of Anna's does not come to light."

"What are you talking about, woman?"

"If Anna's child should present herself, and we do not pay her the legacy left by my father, even after the day of limitation is past, my brother is just the man to will her his entire property when he dies. I know him."

This was said in slow, measured tones.

The lips of Mason Grant were drawn apart, and he looked, with a bewildered air, into the face of his wife. It took him some moments fully to comprehend her meaning. When he did so, he became very pale, struck his hand hard against his forehead, and muttered a bitter invective against Anna Gray.

The door opened at the moment, and old Mr. Markland came in.

Instantly the cloud passed from the brow of Mason Grant, and he spoke to his wife's brother in cheerful tones. But the old gentleman appeared thoughtful, and replied only in monosyllables to the remarks that were made to him.

"Mary," he said abruptly, during a pause, and turning to his sister as he spoke, "can you tell why it is that I think all the time about Anna?"

He looked steadily into his sister's face, from which the color slowly retired.

"Do *you* think of her?" pursued the old man.

"Think of her? Why should I think of her? You ask strange questions, sometimes, Joseph!"

There was petulance in the tones of Mrs. Grant's voice.

"Do I? Humph! I am a strange kind of a man, altogether."

With an offended air Mr. Markland arose, and slowly left the room. Mr. Grant called after him in a hesitating voice, but he was not heeded.

On entering his own room, where a light was burning, Mr. Markland seated himself by a table, and sighed heavily, as he leaned his hand upon his head.

"Poor Anna!" he at length murmured—"What would I not give to know the fate of you and yours. Strange, how your memory presses on me at this time! Where are you? Do thy feet yet press the walks of busy human life?—or, has thy gentle spirit passed long since to the company of those who love thee better than did thy earthly friends? Ah! If I could only know! If I could only know!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHILE thoughts of his long absent sister were thus pressing themselves upon the mind of old Mr. Markland, the only child of that sister was passing through another of the deep trials by which her young life had been so freely marked.

At the moment he sat down and sighed heavily over the memory of the loved and lost that could return no more, she stood eagerly bending over the dying form of her only friend and companion. Laura knew that her hour had come. But her heart was firm, her lip calm, and her eye bright to the last.

"I shall have a brief, sweet sleep, Anna," she said, in a low whisper, as she looked up. "And then life will continue on again—conscious, active life. I shall not be far from you; though you will not be able to see me with your bodily eyes; but love will make us present."

Anna could not reply; she could only press the hand of her departing friend, and weep.

"Can you not smile on me in this parting? sweet sister!" murmured Laura. "I cannot bear these tears. It is hard, I know, for you to be left alone. But only press onward with a firm, true heart for a little while, and we will meet again. Oh, if you could see the light that I now see—could only feel how intimately near you are ministering spirits, to support you in trial, and guard you in danger, you would not weep. Life is called a warfare, and a pilgrimage—but in it we have the Invincible to fight for us, and the All-seeing to direct our steps. Be of good courage, my sister!"

'Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there.'

"Remember the beautiful hymn we have so often sung together—

'Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower!'

The last words were more feebly uttered, but the eyes of the speaker were fixed steadily upon Anna's face! In a few moments her lips moved again, but no sound touched the low bent ear of her friend. A deep silence followed. Then Laura tried again to speak.—Anna listened eagerly—

"All will be well—fear not—good cheer—shall meet—"

Still her lips moved, but nothing more could be heard. A moment or two, and—the silver chord was loosed and the golden bowl broken!

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE illness of Laura had prevented Anna from making up the garments which had been brought home from Mrs. Grant's. The bundle lay for several days, unopened, upon a table, and was then handed to a poor woman in the neighborhood to make, who knew something of Anna's history. On the night that Laura died, this woman completed the work, and was rolling it up in a newspaper—the same in which it came—when her eye rested upon an advertisement that attracted her attention. She read it over, and sat in thoughtful mood for nearly a minute.

"Bless me!" she at length exclaimed, suddenly. "Can it be possible? Yes, it must be—it is! Anna Gray, here is good fortune for you!" Rolling up the paper, she thrust it into her pocket, and taking from a closet her shawl and bonnet, she drew them on, and left the house, hurriedly. It was an hour after dark. Her steps were bent towards the residence of Anna and her companion. Her hand was upon the door, and she was about to enter, when a sudden thought caused her to stop.

"She is a strange girl, and might not—" Her thoughts were uttered no farther. But she turned away, and walked down the street, with an air of irresolution. Gradually, as she kept on, her step was firmer, and in a few minutes her manner was that of one who had determined upon a certain course of action. Ten minutes' walk brought her to the house of Mason Grant, in Walnut street. She rang the bell with a firm hand; a servant came to the door.

"Can I see Mr. Markland?"

"I suppose so, if he is in," was replied, in an indifferent tone.

"Will you see?" There was something peremptory in the tone of the woman's voice, that made the servant stare. He left her standing in the door, and went up to Mr. Markland's room. Mr. Markland had entered it but a few minutes before, and was sitting by a table in a pensive mood, his thoughts on his exiled sister, when the servant informed him that a woman wished to see him at the door.

"Who is she?"

"I do not know, sir."

"What does she want?"

"She only asked to see you."

"What kind of a woman is she?"

"She looks like a poor woman."

"Where is she?"

"In the hall."

"Tell her I will be down in a moment."

The servant withdrew.

"I wonder who she can be, and what she wants with me at this hour?" muttered the old man to himself, as he descended to the hall a few minutes after the servant withdrew.

"Mr. Markland?" said the woman in an enquiring voice, as he approached her.

"That is my name; what is your wish, madam?"

"You advertised —"

"What?" Mr. Markland interrupted her, eagerly, catching from her hand, at the same time, the newspaper which she drew from her pocket.

"You advertised for heirs to the estate of Mr. Markland."

"Well! what do you know about them?"

"I know the daughter of Mrs. Gray?"

"You do! Where is she?" quickly replied the old man. "Is all right with her? And her mother? Where is she?"

"Dead. She died ——"

At this moment one of the parlor doors opened, and Mr. and Mrs. Grant, who had heard voices in the hall, came out.

"When did she die?" asked Mr. Markland. The woman had paused at the appearance of other members of the family.

"About a year ago, in Cincinnati, and her only child, a daughter has been since that time in this city, laboring with honest hands to earn her bread."

"It is all false! It is a trick! The woman is an impostor!" shrieked Mrs. Grant, in a wild and agitated manner.

"No, madam," was calmly replied. "It is the truth, and well *you* know it."

"Where is she? Tell me quickly! I will go to her this instant," said old Mr. Markland. John! bring me my hat and cane.

They were brought.

"Now lead the way. I must see Anna's child."

"No, no brother, you shall not go!" Mrs. Grant seized his arm, and endeavored to restrain him. "It is all a trick. You will run into danger."

"Let go of me, woman!" Mr. Markland jerked himself away, as he said this sternly. "Not a word, Mason!" he added, as the husband of Mrs. Grant made a movement to interfere with him. "I think I know my own business, and want no dictation. Lead the way, madam, I am ready."

With this he left the house, and hurried off at a quick pace.

"Follow him! follow him!" urged Mrs. Grant. But her husband retired into the parlor, and throwing himself into a large chair, let his head sink upon his breast, and sat in sullen silence.

A rapid walk of some ten minutes brought Mr. Markland and his guide to a small house, in a retired court. Without knocking, they entered, and went up stairs, with quiet steps.

"She lives here," said the woman, in a whisper, with her finger on her lip, as she laid her hand upon the door of a room in the third story.

"Knock, then," was the old man's reply, in a low husky voice.

The woman rapped lightly. But no one answered to the summons. She knocked again, and louder than before. All remained silent within.

"Open the door," said Mr. Markland, in a quick, excited voice.

The door was thrown open, and they entered. By the light of a small lamp, they saw a female lying upon a bed. She did not move, nor appear conscious of the presence of any one. Mr. Markland went up to the bed side, but started back with quivering limbs, pale lips, and an ejaculation of horror. Beyond the reclining figure, and at first concealed by it, rose the rigid outline of an ashy face—death-marked!

For a moment or two Mr. Markland stood like one suddenly paralyzed. Then grasping the woman who had accompanied him, by the arm, he dragged her to the bedside, and said in a low, deep, thrilling whisper,

"Which is my niece?"

"This, the living one."

"Thank God!" was the old man's quick ejaculation. Then leaning over, he lifted the prostrate girl from the bed, withdrawing as he did so, an arm that had been twined around the neck of her who was now unconscious of all earthly things. Anna was only half insensible. The movement roused her.

"Mercy! Where am I? Who are you? What does this mean?" she exclaimed, struggling to release herself from the arms of Mr. Markland, and speaking in an alarmed and indignant tone.

"What is your name, child?" asked Mr. Markland, with a forced calmness, allowing her to disengage herself from the arm with which he had raised her from the bed, but still holding her hand in his.

"My name is Anna Gray."

"And your mother's name?"

"Anna Gray?"

"Where is your mother?"

"In heaven." This was said in a meek, low voice, while her eyes were cast upwards.

"What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Markland."

"Where is your father?"

"Dead."

"And your mother was from?"

"This city."

"Have you relatives here?"

"I have an aunt."

"What is her name?"

"Mrs. Grant."

"Have you ever seen her?"

"Yes."

"Does she know you are in this city?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"I called upon her; but she spurned me as an impostor!"

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the old man with indignation.

"But how can you prove that you are not what

Mrs. Grant said you were?" he resumed more gravely.

Anna turned away, and took from a drawer a small morocco miniature case, and handing it to her interrogator, said—

"That will prove the truth of all I have said, to any who have a right to know the truth."

Eagerly and with trembling hands did old Mr. Markland open the case he had received.

"My mother! Oh!" was his sudden ejaculation,

staggering back a few paces, as if from a blow, with his eyes fixed upon the miniature.

"Enough!" he said, in a few moments, recovering himself, and advancing towards Anna.—
"Enough! You are my long lost sister's child! I see her image, now, in your young face. Thank God! You are found at last."

Mr. Markland threw his arms around Anna, and drew her to his bosom, where she lay and wept like a child weeping on the breast of a parent.

To be concluded in next number.



THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

BY MISS MARY HEMPLE.



ESTLING in his mother's
breast
Lay a sleeping child,
Like a wood-dove in its
nest,
Pure and undefiled:
Quiet tears the mother wept,
While her infant sweetly slept.

Softly prayed the mother then,
From an o'er-full heart,
That—when in the ways of men
He must bear a part,—
God would teach him to endure,
God would make him strong and pure,

"Father! if it is Thy will
That his path be rough,
Guide him with Thy spirit still—
That shall be enough:
In life's darkness—be his sun,
Oh! thou true and Holy One.

"Not the victor's wreath or crown
Ask I for my child,
But Thy smile when strife is done,
Beaming pure and mild;
And that smile shall brighter seem,
For his troubled earthly dream.

"Not for talents, power, or fame
Shall my prayer be,
But that through the cross or shame,

He may trust in Thee;
Leaning gently on Thy arm,
Through the sunshine, through the storm.

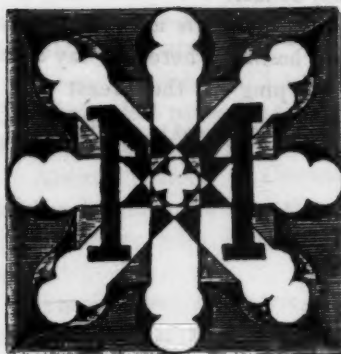
"Well I know my faith is dim,
And my heart is weak;
And in earnest prayer for him,
Oft I dare to speak
Earth-born hopes of peace and rest,
Deeming that my will is best.

"If such wishes ever press
To my faltering tongue,
If from me in feebleness
Such a prayer be wrung;
Father—check my wayward will,
Whisper softly—'Peace—be still'—

"Ask I not that every sting
From his path depart,
But through all the suffering
Keep him 'pure in heart':
Then though troubled and distressed,
He shall know Thy will is best."

Brightly o'er the mother's cheek
Burned a living joy,
While she asked—with soul so meek,
Blessings for her boy;
And her prayer sweet peace did bring,
Even in the offering.

WILLIS'S LETTERS FROM LONDON.



R. N. P. WILLIS has re-visited the old world, and has commenced a new series of letters to the New York Mirror, from which we purpose giving our readers occasional extracts. Mr. Wil-

lis looks upon men and things around him with the eye of a poet-philosopher, and sketches with a graphic hand all that he sees and feels. His sketches of men and things abroad are among the most pleasant and readable that are made—never very profound, but sparkling and bright as the rippling surface of a summer lake stirred by a sportive breeze.

Without comment upon their particular themes, we make a few extracts, with a promise to continue them.

CUSTOM HOUSE ANNOYANCES.

I wish to ask a personal favor of all the friends of the Mirror who are in the offices of American Custom Houses, viz: that they would retaliate upon Englishmen in the most vexatious manner possible, the silly and useless impediments thrown in the way of passengers landing at Liverpool. We dropped anchor with a Custom House steamboat alongside, and our baggage lay on deck two hours, (long enough to be examined twice over,) before it was transferred to the government vessel. We and our baggage were then taken ashore, and landed at a Custom House. But not to be examined there! Oh, no! It must be put into carts, and carried *a mile and a half to another Custom House*, and there it would be delivered to us, if we were there to see it examined! We landed at ten o'clock in the morning, and with my utmost exertions, I did not get my baggage till three. The cost to me, of portage, fees, &c. was three dollars and a half, besides the theft of two or three small articles belonging to my child. I was too ill to laugh, and I therefore passed the matter over to my resentments. I trust my particular share will be remembered in the coming wars of Oregon.

VIDOCQ.

Observing Lady Blessington's faultless equipage standing at the door of the Cosmorama, I went in and saw her Ladyship for a moment. She said she was suffering from recent illness, but I thought her looking far better than when I was last in England. Her two beautiful nieces were with her, and Lord —; and the celebrated Vidocq (for this was what they had come to see,) was showing them the disguises he had worn in his wonderful detection of criminals, the weapons he had taken from them, and all the curiosities of his career—himself the greatest. I looked at the Prince of Policemen with no little interest of course, after reading his singular memoirs. He is a fat man, very like the outline of Louis Philippe's figure, and his head, enormously developed in the perceptive organs, goes up so small to the top, as to resemble the pear with which the King of the French is commonly caricatured. Vidocq's bow to me when I came in was the model of elegant and respectful suavity, but I could not repress a feeling of repugnance to him, nevertheless.

THE OPERA.

I was taking my slow-paced walk yesterday afternoon, on the sunny side of Regent street, thinking of little except the sore iron-wires not yet physicked out of my brain, when, in a shop-window I chanced to spy the placard of the opera. In large letter I read "TAGLIONI IN THE SYLPHIDE!" If you remember my description, in "Pencilings by the Way," of the *very first performance* of this ballet, (which I had the good fortune to witness ten or twelve years ago on my first arrival in Paris,) and my enthusiastic description of Taglioni, you will easily fancy how my blood was stirred with the chance of re-seeing the enchanting picture—the same ballet with the same matchless woman as the enchantress. It was 5 o'clock, P. M.—within an hour of my prescribed bed-time—and the opera commences at eight and lasts till twelve—but I *went*. Let me make a whole letter about the evening of which I thus "did" the Doctor.

I do not often gulp very hard at the price of a thing I want, but the charge of *eight dollars* (a

guinea and a half) for a seat to see one opera—in the habit as I am editorially of paying nothing for the same commodity—certainly made me say “ahem!” The seat I got for this little price was in the middle of the first bench behind the orchestra, in the pit—that is to say in one of the “stalls” or elbow-seats into which the first four or five benches of the pit are divided. “The pit,” so called, which is separated by a bar from these privileged seats, is so uncomfortable and crowded, that, in my weak condition, I could not venture it, especially with the risk of standing all the evening. So, away went the price of—many a good thing you can think of! If I had been charged for the moisture of the English climate because my hair curls tighter here than in America, I should not have felt more like scratching my head after the payment.

No one is admitted to the London opera except in full dress, but I took my cloak on my arm, fearful of the draught of cool air that comes over the warm pit when the curtain is lifted. The door-keeper stopped me. “You cannot wear your cloak in, sir!” said he. “But I’m a sick man, and require it.” “Against the rule, sir!” “It is very hard that one who has a stall to himself, and no one to incommode, should not be allowed to keep himself from taking cold.” “Can’t be done, sir.” So saying, he took off my cloak, and charged me a shilling for taking care of it! Some nice things about England.

I found myself seated between a lady in full dress and a very fine, aristocratic looking old man, whose seat was elegantly cushioned, and who evidently had it by the season. He turned out to be a useful neighbor, for overhearing me asking a question of the musician before me, which showed that it was my first appearance at the opera, he remarked to me that I was apparently a stranger, and seemed to take a great pleasure in pointing out to me the notabilities of the stage and audience. I am glad to mention it as an exception to the usual English reserve.

The opera was the “Roberto Devereux” of Donizetti, and the prima donna (who played Queen Elizabeth) was a novelty in London, Madame Rossi Caccia. It was her second appearance. My first impression of her was very unfavorable. She came forward in a solo, in which she drew her voice so sharply fine that it pricked the ear uncomfortably; and, in the red hair and other unbecomingables of Queen Elizabeth, her looks (which are half the music) were also against her. As the plot deepened, however, she showed a passionateness of acting which helped both voice and beauty, and I began to discover that she had a mouth like a crack in a rose leaf, big eyes, full of darkness, and a voice

that was mellow when she forgot the audience. She was immensely applauded; but I assure you I thought her very inferior to Pico, both as an actress and a singer.

Moriani, the famous tenor, has the person of a ship’s boatswain, and a voice as exquisitely soft as an Æolian harp, and (with one’s eyes shut) he is a singer who gives one delicious enjoyment—but I will not bother you with more about the opera.

As the curtain fell after the first act, the men in the stalls all rose to straighten themselves and take a stare over the house; and, for the first time, it occurred to me to inquire if the Queen were present. “You are looking straight at her Majesty,” said my neighbor; “she is talking to one of the ladies of her bedchamber, and Prince Albert is in the back of the box, talking to the King of Belgium.” The box I was looking into was directly at the end of the stage lights, and of course very near me. I had seen the Queen come in without recognizing her, though I had studied her face at Court when I was presented to William IV. some years ago, and of course see portraits of her every day. She looked far younger and prettier than any picture I know of her, and her manner to her maids of honor, and their evident ease, made it look precisely like a most agreeable private party. There was no mark to distinguish the box she occupied, and the fact is that I had insensibly looked more at the Queen than at any body else, thinking her a remarkable pretty girl, and feeling more curiosity to know who she was than who were in the other boxes! I trust the Royal atmosphere forgave my profane admiration!

THE VIENNESE DANCERS.

At the close of the second act, the Viennese dancers tripped upon the stage. These, as you know, are twenty or thirty children, apparently from five years old to ten, who dress and dance like full grown dancing-girls, and produce astonishing effects by their well-drilled combinations. They are curiosities, if it were only for the robust developments of their little bodies. Seen through a magnifying glass, their short petticoats, etc. would hardly look decent; but as children, the plumpitudes which they expose by every movement are humorously beautiful. They must have been drilled with wonderful patience to make such sudden and exact transitions. At one instant they pile up into a bower—the next they are revolving in a many spoked wheel—the next they are braiding themselves in a complete waltz. They seem to swallow each other and re-appear,

multiply and diminish, swim and fly, with a one mindedness, a grace, and an ease of countenance and motion that is wholly incomprehensible. And withal, their little faces are as round and rosy as Cupid's in a picture, and they look so happy that it is contagious. I quite made my well-bred neighbors stare with my un-London-y laughter. Perhaps I should have been excused, however, if they had looked at the Queen, for her Majesty quite leaned out of her box, kept time with the music with her head and bouquet, and watched the little magicians with a continual smile throughout.

TAGLIONI.

The curtain drew up at last, for the "Sylphide," Taglioni glided to the chair of her sleeping lover. I looked at her lady-like face with the same feeling of admiration for its modest unconsciousness as before, but alas! for what it costs beauty to stay in this wicked world! I would not record, if I were writing for a paper that would ever reach her eyes, how much I missed from her shoulders, how much from her limbs, how much—but I will not dwell upon her losses. She was herself, in all her swift motions—in all her more powerful efforts. It was in the slow poising, in the pirouettes, in those parts of the dance which require more than mere graceful bounds over the stage, that she showed where the lessened muscle had lessened her charm. The bill I held in my hand declared that with the five nights of this engagement she was to take final leave of the stage—and I was sorry she had waited till the world thought it was time! Queen Victoria left the opera before the curtain drew up for her to appear.

ADVERTISING IN LONDON.

The English have a new way of advertising that is quite worthy of Yankee invention. They have hit upon the time when men's eyes are idle—(when they are abroad in the street)—and you cannot walk now in London without knowing what amusements are going on, what new specifics are for sale, what is the last wonder, and a variety of other matters which send you home wiser than you came out. Mammoth placards, pasted on the side of a structure as large as a one story house, are continually moving along on wheels at the same pace as you walk—the streets really resembling a gorgeous pageant with the number and showiness of these legible locomotives. I observe one, particularly, which moves by some mysterious power within—a

large, showy car, making its way alone, without either horse or visible driver, and covered with advertisements in all the colors of the rainbow. An every day sight is a procession of a dozen men, in single file, each carrying on a high pole, exactly the same theatrical notice. You might let *one* pass unread, but you read them, where there are so many, to see if they are all alike! Men step up to you at every corner, and hand you, with a very polite air, a neatly folded paper, and you cannot refuse it, without pushing your breast against the man's hand. If you open it, you are told where you can see a "mysterious lady," or where you can have your corns cut. In short, it is impossible to be ignorant of what there is to see and buy in London, and this applies also to the large class who could not, formerly, be reached, because they never read the advertisements in the newspapers. Possibly the carriers of these sign boards and the drivers of these vehicles might make a better use of their time and horse-flesh in America, but otherwise I should think this a "notion" worth transplanting.

GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD.

My trip to the country was made by the Great Western Railroad, which is the most complete in its arrangements, and sends the fastest trains—two every day going their route at the rate of sixty miles in the hour! The scenery in this direction from London is exceedingly fine, Windsor Castle lying on the left of the track, among other objects of interest, and Reading, the fine old town, honored as the residence of Miss Mitford. Nothing in America can give you an idea of the expensive elegance and completeness of the railroad stations, its hedgingsin, and its arrangements of all kinds. Every foot of the route is watched by a guard in uniform, and no human being except the workmen is ever seen within its limits.

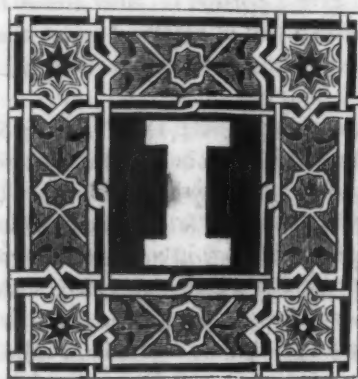
A hundred delicious pictures glided under my eye in our rapid flight, but I saw one that I wished Mount the artist could have seen—thirty or forty haymakers, men and women eating their dinner upon the edge of a stream, the field half-mown, on which they had been working, and the other half completely scarlet with the poppies that overshadowed the grass. A thicket behind them, a shoulder of a hill rising beyond it, and various other features, made the mere rural scene singularly beautiful; but the acres of this scarlet flower, gave it somehow a peculiar and racy mildness. The farmer has no great affection for this brilliant intruder upon his land, but the owner of the splendid park, and the scenery-loving traveler look on its novel addition to Nature's carpet with very vivid admiration.

THE CASTLE DE KOLMERAS.

Translated from the French of Madame de Genlis.

BY MARY G. WELLS.

CHAPTER I.



ENVY those who have the good fortune to be born in one of those beautiful countries which furnish a happy occasion for depicting a lovely and interesting site on the first pages of a story.

For myself, I was born in the least romantic province of France, Picardy:—a sombre country, little favored by nature, where neither volcanos, rocks, nor precipices are to be found, and where only grain, apple-trees and fields of artichokes are to be seen.

I lost my father, the Count d'Olbac, in my childhood, and I was brought up by my mother on a small estate, four leagues from Noyon.

My mother was the most romantic person in the world: she firmly believed that passions formed at a glance make the destiny of life. She believed in presentiments and sympathies; and as to ghosts, she made a sufficiently subtle distinction.

"To imagine," said she, "that the dead return to frighten the living, belongs to the vulgar, and is what is called *believing in ghosts*. But to think it is not impossible that those who have passionately loved us can return by Divine permission to show us their immortality, is not at all absurd, when we believe that the soul is immortal."

This reasoning appeared to me as touching as it was learned, especially as my mother supported it by proofs, relating several *manifestations* she had had of my father and my grandmother.

After these conversations I was not so silly as to believe in *ghosts*, but I believed in *apparitions*—two very different things as we shall see.

My mother, who read nothing but novels, in-

spired in me by her example a passionate taste for this kind of reading, which I only abandoned for music.

I had a teacher who understood very little Latin, but who played the violin very well; he taught me his art, which had much influence on the rest of my life.

At eighteen, I entered the service, and, in the same year, I passed the winter at Paris at the house of my maternal aunt.

Madame de Volney had an only son, two years older than I was.

Amedeus was an amiable young man, who soon became my intimate friend. He was as fond of dancing as I was of music; but this taste led him into good society, for it is only there that superb balls and brilliant fetes are given, whilst entrancing music may be heard in the worst and most dangerous companies.

A musician of my acquaintance proposed to take me to a little concert, at which he said I should hear a young lady who sang like an angel.

I went, and I heard Sophie, a most beautiful young girl, who had a delightful voice and a superior talent for music. I played the violin; I was applauded, and the approbation of the charming Sophie intoxicated me with pride and joy. The concert was given at the house of an old bachelor named Desormeaux; he kept us to supper, and at the table I found myself by the side of the enchanting Sophie. I recalled all that I had read and all that my mother had told me about sudden passions, and I felt that my hour was come.

Sophie, who was about twenty, called herself seventeen, and as her manners were very girlish, I readily believed that she was as young as she said.

An aunt, aged forty, still beautiful, and an intimate friend of M. Desormeaux, had introduced her to the world.

I obtained permission to visit at Madame d'Elborg's, and as I was well received there, I went every evening to play music.

The society which assembled at this house was neither brilliant nor agreeable, but I only saw Sophie. Distractedly in love, I had not yet

declared my sentiments, although I had more than once found myself alone with her, for Madame d' Elborg was the least severe and the least vigilant of Mentors. Sophie liked flowers, and by the aid of a hot-house and a good gardener, love obliged winter to produce fine orange-trees and beautiful rose-bushes for her.

One day, knowing that she was at the opera, I had her music-room filled with flowers. I wreathed them round her harp, and I placed upon it a spray of roses, to a branch of which I attached a little note, containing the words: "The offering of Love, to Talent and Beauty."

This declaration was received with a sensibility which completed the turning of my head. I obtained an avowal of the most tender return, and I made a solemn engagement to unite my fate to Sophie's, flattering myself that my mother would approve of my passion. Besides, I must confess that I should not have been sorry to encounter some obstacles, in order to have the glory of conquering them, and to run with some éclat the interesting career of the hero of a romance.

Precisely at this time my mother unexpectedly came to Paris. She had received letters from her cousin-german, the Baron de Kolmeras, who was returning with an immense fortune from St. Domingo after an absence of five years: my mother had always tenderly loved him, and she had come to Paris to await his return.

The baron on going away had left at his Castle of Kolmeras, in Brittany, his wife, and two daughters, yet children. The baroness died three years afterwards, and the girls were left under the care of a governess. The baron had, in his letters, expressed a wish to give me, to wife, the elder of his daughters, then only in her fifteenth year: this news dismayed me.

The baron arrived at the end of March; he went to Kolmeras and he returned. He was enchanted with his daughters, and with his natural frankness he again mentioned the subject of a union which he ardently desired. On the morrow of his arrival he asked me to breakfast with him, and it was only to talk to me about his Stephanie. As I heard him with an indifferent air, he questioned me, and I told him openly that my heart was no longer my own.

"Ah, ha!" cried he laughing, "you have been in a great hurry to get rid of it. What! an intrigue at your age?"

"It is no intrigue; it is an insurmountable passion. She whom I love is as free and virtuous as she is pure and beautiful."

"Is her birth good?"

"Yes, her grandfather was Capitoul* of Toulouse."

* Chief Magistrate.

"Has she any fortune?"

"No."

"How long have you been acquainted with her?"

"Three months."

"Well, listen:—I shall renounce with great pain the project of giving you my Stephanie; but I am rich, she is charming, and it will not be difficult to find her a husband. If you cannot contribute to my happiness, I will add to yours: If, at the end of a year, you entertain the same sentiments, I promise to obtain your mother's consent. I will bear the expenses of the wedding, and I will give a portion of 4000 francs to her whom you love: but in return, I exact that you do not marry without thinking about it a whole year."

My uncle's discourse would have inspired a great deal of gratitude had I believed it sincere, but my head was full of the romances I had read; I recalled the stratagems of fathers and uncles to disunite lovers, and I saw in my uncle's proposition only an artifice which concealed some project against my love. Meanwhile, as there was no certainty on this point, I could not refuse to grant what he requested, and I promised myself to be on my guard against any snares he should lay for me.

The winter had nearly passed, and M. Desormeaux asked me to spend a few days in his country house at Auteuil: Sophie was to be of the party, so I gladly accepted the invitation. There I could see her without constraint, and I informed her that I had refused to marry Mad'llie Stephanie de Kolmeras.

She showed some anxiety on this subject, and to re-assure her I wrote a passionate romance: as the refrain of this romance plays a considerable part in my story, the reader must know it, here it is:

Who that had seen Sophie,
Could a lover e'er be
Of foolish Stephanie?

I composed an air for this romance, and it pleased Sophie so much that she sang it every day and accompanied herself on the harp.

CHAPTER II.

In eight days I returned to Paris, intoxicated with love and happiness. I loved with all the enthusiasm and sincerity of a youth of eighteen, who has a romantic mind and a sensitive heart.

Sophie was to remain in the country three

weeks longer; I wrote to her two or three times a day. I thought only of her and I longed to return to Auteuil.

One morning, my uncle entered my room, and without any preamble, he began talking of Sophie, telling me he had been making inquiries about her, and he knew, without doubt, that she was not a virtuous woman.

This discourse made no other impression, than to confirm me in the opinion, that the baron had formed a design to set me at variance with her whom I loved; I only replied by an ironical smile.

"It is a fact," continued the baron; "your Sophie is not the grand-daughter of a Capitoul; she is a mere adventuress; I know that you are her dupe, and I felt that you would not believe my word. See, then, what I have done. Sophie, unknown to you, has been three days in Paris. I presented myself to her yesterday under the pretended name of a German baron, and I obtained a promise from her to sup *tête-à-tête* with me this evening in a little house that has been lent to me at Bagnolet. I propose to you to go there at nine in the evening, and I imagine that when you see Sophie arrive, you will form a correct opinion of her."

"Yes," replied I in a firm tone, "I will go to Bagnolet this evening."

"Very well," said my uncle, "I am glad to see, by your phlegmatic tone, that you are already cured of a disgraceful passion; it does honor to your character. Adieu till evening;" saying these words he left me.

He deceived himself very much in regard to my sentiments; I did not believe a word of what he had just told me. I thought that he had only succeeded in engaging Sophie to meet him by telling her his real name, and alluring her under some pretext I knew not, and which no doubt had some connection with me, and I thought it very natural that Sophie should have this confidence in her lover's uncle, especially as she had always heard him spoken of as a most estimable man, from whom I had great expectations.

"My uncle," said I to myself, "imagines, that I am persuaded that Sophie takes him for a German baron who is in love with her, and that I shall think her the vilest of creatures when I see her alone with him at this unseasonable hour, and that without any explanation I shall discontinue my visits to her. My uncle shall know that I am not quite so simple as he thinks;—reading and reflection can supply the place of experience."

At eight o'clock I set out on horseback for Bagnolet, and I reached it by nine.

My uncle led me into a little closet with a

glass door, which was attached to an alcove. In a few minutes we heard a carriage;

"It is she," said the baron. "I think it will be enough for you to see her come in. But if you wish to hear what she will say, you can conceal yourself in the closet."

"No," replied I, coldly, "I will await her here."

The door opened, and Sophie came slowly forward; but, suddenly casting her eyes upon me, she turned pale and retreated a step. . . . I attributed this movement only to the unexpected joy of seeing me. I threw myself on my knees before her.

"Dear Sophie," cried I, "they wished to ruin you and to separate us, but they have sought in vain to do it! I have easily penetrated so gross an artifice; they could not persuade me that you thought you were coming to meet a stranger;—you knew my uncle? Well, my Sophie, he laid a terrible snare for you!"

"How sir?" interrupted she, "have you tried to tarnish my reputation?"

At these words, my uncle, stupefied with astonishment and anger, looked fixedly at us both without saying a word. . . . Sophie turning towards me, said:

"Come, my dear Augustus, take me from this odious house." With these words she took my arm, and we left the place precipitately. When we were seated in the carriage, I related all that my uncle had told me: after this recital she drew her handkerchief from her pocket, covered her face with it and sobbed:

"Oh heavens!" cried she, "to what dangers is innocence exposed, and what would have become of me had it not been for your penetration?"

"It is true," returned I, "that I am not easily deceived."

"Who knows it better than I," replied Sophie. "But," continued she, "what a monster this baron de Kolmeras is!"

"No," said I, "he is not a monster; all fathers, tutors and uncles are capable of this duplicity in order to set at variance two lovers, who adore each other in spite of the projects and ambition of their families. I have read thirty stories of this kind, but what is very new in our case, is, that I have not been the dupe of my uncle's stratagem. Usually the lover or his mistress conceives some frightful suspicion, and there is a quarrel without any explanation."

"And," resumed Sophie, "you also remarked your uncle's surprise and confusion."

"Yes," replied I, "and I confess that I enjoyed it."

The morrow after this adventure, my uncle

who was very angry at me, set out for Kolmeras, after having told my mother all that had passed between us.

I was lectured by my mother and aunt, and even by my cousin Amedeus, at which I was not at all astonished.

"Behold," said I to myself, "things which I ought to have expected. For a long time I have foreseen a family conspiracy;—here it is; this event announces great storms, but love and constancy will triumph over every thing."

I still saw Sophie in secret: one day I found her in tears; she told me she was sure that my relations were taking measures to have her imprisoned, and that they were soliciting a *lettred-cachie* against her.

My terror was extreme, and Sophie proposed that we should fly. I had thought of an elopement a thousand times before, and she had no trouble to make me consent to what she wished.

"I have," said she, "an uncle at Rotterdam who is a merchant, just arrived from the Indies; you must take me to him. He will receive me with open arms; he is immensely rich and he has no children. I am sure that he will do every thing for me, and, perhaps, money will change the feelings of your family towards me. But I cannot promise that by writing to my uncle I can engage him to do what I wish. I must see him. Therefore we must go to Rotterdam."

I liked the project, and all was settled in a moment; only one thing embarrassed me. Sophie confessed that she had some debts, and she added that she was too conscientious to leave the city furtively without paying them: so that in the first place I must find her 100 louis.

"I shall borrow them of you without any scruple," said she, "because my uncle will return them as soon as we reach Rotterdam."

I promised to find her 100 louis in twenty-four hours. I began by selling my watch and some other trinkets. Amedeus lent me 20 louis. I borrowed from some others, and an old usurer completed for me the sum of 4000 francs, for it was necessary to reserve a sufficient sum to take us to Rotterdam. I carried the 100 louis to Sophie, and we agreed that we would elope at midnight.

I had every thing prepared, and at the appointed hour I went to the toll-gate with a chaise and post-horses. I was on horseback, because I did not wish to take a servant with me. A hack stopped. I approached it, saying: "Is it you?" At these words the coach-door opened, and a woman covered with a white veil alighted. She stepped into the chaise and we drove off at a gallop.

During the whole night, I rode in advance, in order to have horses ready; and we had agreed that I

should not stop until we reached the frontier. We went like the wind. I was always a league in advance of the chaise; and after a very fatiguing journey, I reached Quevrain. There, being out of France, I dismounted, in order to wait for Sophie.

In half an hour I saw the chaise. I flew to meet it; it stopped; I opened the door, stepped in, and seated myself by the side of the lovely fugitive, who was still veiled. I entreated her to raise her veil

Let the reader imagine, if he can, what I felt upon seeing a great hand, as black as ink, turn aside the veil and display an ugly African negress, who had been in Sophie's service about three months!—I was petrified.

The negress, who could scarcely speak French, had a lisp and used a babyish language, which, with her dull, stupid face, was extremely ridiculous: she smiled sweetly upon me, saying: "Me be your mistress!"

"Where is Sophie?" cried I, highly incensed.

The frightened woman made an effort to get out of the chaise. I stopped her in order to question her, and I only learned that Sophie herself had substituted the negress, persuading her that I was in love with her, and advising her to get into the chaise without speaking, and to remain veiled until we reached the frontier. This detail satisfied me, as it left no doubt of Sophie's perfidy, and I sought in vain to find some romantic plot in this adventure, some mysterious clue to its meaning, which could justify her.

CHAPTER III.

I LEFT the chaise and its occupant at Quevrain, and returned to Paris. Arrived there, I hastened to Sophie's house, where I learned that she had gone to England, accompanied by a musician with whom she had been passionately in love for six weeks.

To obtain 100 louis, she proposed an elopement, for which she knew I had a great inclination; and in order to fly with her lover and put herself beyond the reach of my pursuit, she had invented the ingenious expedient of giving me her servant.

Confused, despairing and harassed by fatigue, I threw myself at my mother's feet, declaring that I renounced love for ever. She pardoned me and sent me to bed.

I slept twelve hours, which it must be confessed was not very romantic in a betrayed lover.

I arose so weak that I could hardly stand;

this gave my mother occasion to make a touching dissertation on a first passion, for she took care not to attribute my state to the rapid journey I had made on horseback As to the rest, she was not mistaken in supposing me unhappy; I was humiliated, my heart was torn, and the deepest contempt could not efface from my mind the memory of the unworthy girl I had so passionately loved. Can we pass at once from love to indifference?

So many ties bind us to the cherished object that scorn can never sunder them all.

I no longer adored Sophie, but I still found a dangerous pleasure in recalling her face, her talents, the sound of her voice, her conversation, her gaiety, the equanimity of her character. I said to myself, "she is perfidious, she is base," but I added—"no woman is so lovely." This is still enthusiasm, and, whilst it remains, we are not cured of love.

I returned to my regiment, and I conducted myself prudently during the five months I remained there. I then went back to Paris to spend the winter with my aunt, and it was with great emotion I learned that Sophie, who had returned to France, had come out in the Italian Opera.

I met her several times in a splendid carriage, as she was now the favorite of a Chevalier de Kernosi who was ruining himself for her. She dwelt not far from me, in a beautiful apartment of a large hotel, whose windows overlooked the street.

I often felt sorely tempted to go and reproach her for her perfidy, yet I felt that I demeaned myself in thus dwelling upon her, and I seriously resolved to combat a weakness which no longer had any excuse.

I had been in Paris about two months, when I heard that Sophie was very ill of a fluxion of the lungs; I made continual inquiries after her, and on the evening of the third day, I was told she was at the last gasp.

I know not how it happened, but, actuated by an irresistible impulse, I immediately resolved to go to her; the idea that she was dying seemed to give me the right to see her without blushing.

I flew to the house, and I trembled whilst I entered it. I met a servant-girl, and, on questioning her, she replied abruptly, "Indeed I do not know whether she is alive or not; who troubles themselves about such women!"

I passed on, and went up stairs. I stopped at the first landing, and I saw no one: all the doors were open. I traversed two ante-rooms, and at last found myself in the bed chamber.

There, neither nurse, nor priest, nor servant was to be found.

August religion was unknown there;—there friendship had never appeared, and love had fled with health and joy Death alone filled the vast apartment.

The day was declining, and a lamp had not even been left in this deserted room, but it received a fair portion of light from a reflector placed in front of one of the open windows. I advanced, trembling, and the first object which met my view was an unstrung harp placed against a table. This sight agitated me very much, for it recalled her whom I had so often seen leaning over the harmonious instrument.

Every thing in the room was in disorder. Several pieces of furniture, piled one upon the other, occupied part of it. Near an alcove was an elegant toilette half overturned,—a fragile altar of beauty, whence still exhaled the most delicious perfumes. Flowers, still fresh, placed in vases, a ball-dress covered with festoons of roses and thrown upon a sofa, broken masks, strewn upon the floor, all in this place announced that death had surprised his victim in the arms of pleasure and folly. I looked towards the alcove, and I shuddered as I approached it.

The interior, entirely covered with mirrors, which a few days before had multiplied the image of a dazzling and voluptuous beauty, now offered only the terrible picture of destruction.

The rays of the reflector fell upon this place, forming a brilliant focus of light, in which my horror-stricken eyes discovered the inanimate form of the unhappy Sophie, a thousand times repeated!

"Thou art then no more!" cried I. "Those flashing eyes are dimmed and closed for ever; that enchanting and deceitful mouth will never open again; that syren voice is hushed. What use didst thou make of so many charms? Vice abridged thy days; in thy last moments thou art abandoned, and thou hast only left a memory sullied by contempt! Unfortunate girl! at least one tear of pity shall fall upon thy death-bed."

My gaze was fixed on the sad object before me, and as I spoke I wept; I felt my knees begin to tremble and bend beneath me, and fearing I should become ill, I at length tore myself away from the terrible spectacle and left the funeral bed. In hastily retracing my steps, I rudely struck the harp and it fell, making a melodious sound, which caused me the greatest emotion for I seemed to hear Sophie

In my situation the illusion had such power upon my senses that I nearly fainted, and I leaned against a table almost breathless: but I was presently a little reanimated by a noise which I heard in the house;—it was the officers who had come to affix their seals.

I collected all my strength, and walking slowly round the room I sought the door. At this moment the commissary and his train, conducted by a chamber-maid who held a lighted candle, entered the apartment. As they came in, I went towards them, pushing against a table which was in my way: at this noise the frightened servant dropped the light which went out. All were alarmed and turned back, whilst I, profiting by their terror and the obscurity, glided past and went down to the hotel-keeper, who knew me, and had the front door opened for me.

CHAPTER IV.

This last scene left me profoundly melancholy. My uncle, who was then in Paris, and who had pardoned me, obtained a leave of absence for one year for me from my regiment, and I accompanied him into our southern provinces, where some business called him. This little journey did me good; I really tried to divert myself, and in eight or nine months I contrived to regain my tranquillity; but I preserved a weakness resulting from a diseased imagination, which, instead of diminishing, augmented with time.

Since Sophie's death I had carefully avoided hearing a harp. The sight even of this instrument, if I happened to behold one in passing a lute-maker's, caused me inexpressible pain. By habit, I could have easily overcome this sensation, but I made no effort, and it became a real mania, for, in eight months, I could not even hear the word *HARP* pronounced without agitation, and if I saw one in a picture I quickly turned my head away.

With the exception of this folly, which it pleased me to encourage, because it seemed interesting and romantic, I had become tranquil and reasonable.

My uncle, who was perfectly satisfied with my conduct, again spoke to me about his daughter, and he vaunted her charms, her mind, and her character so highly, that he inspired me with a desire to see her. But, as I had not yet renounced the ambition of being the hero of romance, I did not wish to become acquainted with Madlle. de Kolmeras in an ordinary manner. Besides, had the baron taken me to his castle, he would have presented me to his daughter as her destined husband, and, before lending myself to his views, I wished to judge for myself if paternal love had not blinded him.

I returned to my regiment in May, and I remained there three months; I then obtained a

leave of absence from my colonel for two months, and set out on horse-back for Brittany.

Having arrived at an inn near the castle de Kolmeras, I established myself as a weary traveller who could not continue his route, and I gave out that I was a dealer in horses.

I learned with pleasure that the baron was absent and would not return for several days.

I hoped that I should see the Mesdles de Kolmeras on the promenade in the environs of the castle.

But I was told that, in the absence of their father, they rarely ventured beyond the park; I then formed the resolution of bribing one of the servants at the castle.

The young ladies de Kolmeras, who were under the care of an elderly governess, had two very young servants, a lad of seventeen named Charles, and a girl of fifteen called Barbara: one of their domestics had just died, which gave rise to a number of ghost-stories that terrified the governess and the servants very much.

This circumstance suggested the idea of playing the part of a ghost in order to slip into the castle and rid it at my will of troublesome people.

I bribed Charles, who, notwithstanding the simplicity of a youth that had never left this distant province, seemed very intelligent. He introduced me into the castle one evening and concealed me in his room.

Muffled in a white-sheet, I quietly perambulated the castle in order to know its arrangements: it gave me no embarrassment to meet the servants, for they fled before me, uttering piercing shrieks. I had no wish to frighten the young ladies de Kolmeras, so I did not approach their apartment, and after having made the round of the castle I supped in Charles's room and then went to bed.

On the morrow, Charles told me that I had thrown the castle into great confusion, but the servants had told so many tales about the ghost of their dead comrade, that the young ladies did not believe a word they heard about the preceding night's apparitions.

At noon Charles placed me behind a door, in which we had made a hole, and by this means I obtained a full view of my cousins. I was dazzled and charmed by the appearance of Stephanie, the elder. She was a thousand times more beautiful than Sophie, and she had, besides, an air of modesty and a natural grace which would have made even ugliness itself lovely. Her sister Hortensia, without such regular beauty, had an agreeable and piquant face. These charming girls had a room together on the ground floor, next their father's apartment. Charles stole the key of the baron's closet in order to shut me up there during the day. Now the window of this

closet overlooked a parterre in which Stephanie cultivated her flowers, and, concealed by a blind, I had the pleasure of seeing her at my ease, for she always went there after dinner.

Being now desperately in love, I grew very uneasy. It was not possible that Stephanie did not know I had refused to marry her two years before, and I feared that, irritated by my rejection of her hand, she had taken an insurmountable prejudice against me. I resolved to ascertain the state of her sentiments before showing myself, so I wrote a passionate love-letter, and charged Charles to hand it to her when she was alone.

In the evening, Charles told me that two of the servants, the cook and the gardener, had resolved to watch together in the gallery, for the latter was a skeptic on the subject of ghosts and believed only in tokens.

I wished to try the gardener's courage, so I went into the gallery which was lighted by a lamp suspended from the ceiling: I wrapped myself in my sheet, climbed up on to a marble table, and sat there motionless.

Presently I heard a door opened very softly, and my surprise was great on witnessing the appearance of a white phantom exactly like myself. It stepped forward and seated itself on a sofa without perceiving me.

I imagined, in a moment, that this spirit was a rival, and filled with this idea I darted towards it, crying out in a terrible voice:

"Who are you?"

"Who are you yourself?" it replied in the same tone.

"I am your enemy," said I; "have you a sword?"

"Is a lover ever without one?" "Follow me!"

At these words I uncovered my face, and, immediately, the ghost my adversary fell upon my neck, and I recognized my cousin Amedeus.

"What brings you here," I asked.

"Make yourself easy," returned he, "I do not come for Stephanie, it is Hortensia whom I love." I embraced Amedeus with transport.

At this moment the servants entered, we rushed upon them, and they fled, crying out that they were pursued by a dozen spectres.

After this exploit, Amedeus and I went into the baron's closet, where he related to me that his regiment being garrisoned at Dinan, a village about a league from Kolmeras, he had come to walk in the environs of the castle, and happening to hear the current ghost-stories, he was inspired with the same idea that had occurred to me, and he had got into the castle by the assistance of his confidant, Barbara.

But more fortunate than I, his declaration was made.

Hortensia knew that on her father's return he would present Amedeus to her as her future husband, and she had consented to meet him in the gallery attended by her sister and Barbara.

CHAPTER V.

It was half past nine in the evening when Charles rejoined me in the closet, and he was much surprised to find that I had a companion. Barbara's discretion was as great as his, and she had kept Amedeus's secret. My cousin now left me, to fulfil his appointment, promising to return and give me an account of it.

Charles told me he had not yet given my letter to Stephanie; I scolded him and sent him away with express orders to hand it to her immediately.

In a quarter of an hour he returned breathless, and seeming half distracted, he threw himself into a chair, crying,

"I can do no more!"

"What is the matter Charles?" exclaimed I; "what has happened?"

"Ah, sir, a terrible thing—something you will not believe, there is a real ghost in the castle!"

"What foolish story is this!"

"Yes, indeed, sir, a real goblin, a female one, you may know, by its malice, and by its jealousy!"

"Nonsense! What have you done with my letter?"

"Sir, the ghost would not let me give it to the lady, it cried in a terrible voice—*I forbid it!*"

Here I lost all patience and I frightened poor Charles so much, that he declared he would deliver my letter in spite of all the spirits in the world: but added he—"Here is a scrap of paper that the ghost bade me give you;" saying these words he placed it on the table and ran away.

I thought this spectre must be a trick of Barbara's, or some of her servants, to frighten Charles. Meanwhile, wishing to see what the billet contained, I opened it,—but hardly had I looked at the first line when I was seized with a fit of trembling. It was a love-letter I had written to Sophie, in which, to dissipate her anxiety, I spoke in the most contemptuous manner of Stephanie. Ashamed of the fear I had just felt, I tried to penetrate this mystery. I battered my brains in vain to arrive at some conclusion, when suddenly I heard the TONES OF A HARP NEAR ME. It was a single note, but struck with strength, and it resounded to the depth of my heart, for it seemed absolutely similar to the one

Sophie's harp had made on the dreadful night I had seen her on her death-bed. It must be remembered I had avoided hearing that instrument from that time, so the inexpressible pain I suffered will not seem astonishing, especially as every thing seemed united to render the impression deeper. I tried to persuade myself that it was an illusion; but how did I feel when this invisible harp commencing again, played the air of the refrain of the romance I had written for Sophie.

Presently the music ceased, and, just at this moment, Amedeus and Charles re-entered; they were struck by my paleness, and the former asked what was the matter; instead of replying, I questioned him upon his assignation. He said he had seen the sisters, but he had not dared to tell them I was concealed in the castle; they had given him permission to await the baron's return, and had told him he might sleep in a little pavilion separated from the castle by a court-yard. Amedeus added, that I must lodge with him, that Charles had delivered my letter, and I should certainly have an answer next day.

After this recital I asked Charles what inmate of the castle could play the harp.

"The HARP!" cried he, "what is that? Is it a kind of play?"

"What, is there no harp here?"

"No, sir."

"It is a piano, then."

"No, sir."

"Do your young ladies play on any instrument?"

"No, sir, but I play on the gittern—that is the only musical instrument in the castle."

Here I stood with my mouth open, looking round with wild eyes, for I again heard the fatal refrain Amedeus and Charles began to laugh, asking me what was the matter.

"How!" cried I in a stifled voice, "did you not hear?"

"Hear what?"

"A harp."

"What an idea!" said Amedeus, "and how can you imagine there should be any body to play on a harp in a castle in the depth of Brittany!"

As he spoke Barbara came to tell us her young ladies had retired; that they begged we would go to the pavilion and they would receive us at breakfast.

Barbara was still speaking, when the harp again commenced the eternal refrain.

"Listen, listen!" cried I. Every body was silent, directly the music ceased.

"Well!"—said I.

"Well," replied my cousin, "I heard nothing."

"Nor I," added Charles.

"I," exclaimed Barbara, "heard the sighing of the wind, that is all."

I had grown now as impatient as agitated, and moving towards the door—"Let us go" cried I. I was really glad to leave this fatal place; nothing could have induced me to pass the night there.

We went to the pavilion, and I must confess that I was pleased to see two beds there. All the stories my mother had told me about "tokens" and miraculous apparitions, came in a crowd to my disturbed imagination, and I was delighted to have a companion for the night.

I dreaded myself more than any thing else, for I was in that state of mind when the senses no longer avail us to repel foolish thoughts, or to conquer extravagant terrors.

Supper was brought in, and Charles waited upon us.

Whilst we were eating, I suddenly rose, for I again heard the fatal refrain. Amedeus now reproved me severely, declaring that I had become a visionary.

When Charles left us, I told my cousin the cause of my distress; in speaking to him of the romance, about which he knew nothing, he declared that the music I said I had heard existed only in my imagination: but when I showed him the letter I had received, he confessed it was very extraordinary. We exhausted ourselves in conjectures, and at length Amedeus, overcome by sleep, ceased to hear or to reply; he threw himself on his bed and soon slept soundly.

I remained seated near a table, and taking a book from my pocket I attempted to read.

I was placed opposite a little door covered with a piece of tapestry; I thought I heard a slight noise and saw the hanging move gently. I laid my book on the table and went to examine the door. At the moment of my approach, the curtain was softly drawn aside, and a harp, decorated with a garland of roses, to which was attached a paper, containing these words, written by my own hand: "*The offering of love to talent and beauty!*" met my astonished gaze.

It was Sophie's harp, it was my first declaration of love to her!

I darted towards Amedeus to awaken him, in order that he might see this prodigy: he rose immediately, but all had disappeared; the curtain was drawn down, and on looking behind it, I only found a door which it was impossible to open; I went into the entry, I looked every where, but I could see nothing.

On re-entering the room my knees trembled and refused to support me; I fell upon a sofa, and, at this instant, reason, courage, all yielded to a new illusion.

A sweet and terrible voice—Sophie's voice—

sang the romance. I could not rise or call Amedeus. Seized with astonishment, frozen with terror, it seemed that an invisible power held me to my seat. Every couplet was sung with the most touching expression, until, at length, the music ceased; but still, overcome with fear and amazement, I did not even try to rise: I closed my eyes, but a frightful noise made me open them immediately.

A panel in the room flew open, and an aerial figure, covered with a white veil seemed to come through the wall. It came slowly towards the table and stopped there, holding a ring towards me, and singing in recitative these two verses which formed the device of a ring I had given Sophie:

"Yes, since the soul can never die
I'll love thee in eternity!"

Then the shade dropped the ring upon the table, the light went out, and I found myself in profound darkness. Unable any longer to support such violent emotion I fainted.

CHAPTER VI.

On recovering my senses, I found the wax candle relighted and Amedeus sitting at my side.

He told me that being awakened by an extraordinary noise, he had risen and gone in search of a light and on his return he found me senseless.

I listened to this recital without replying, and without having any desire to tell him what had happened.

It was in vain my astonished reasoning powers tried to exert their influence; I could not deny the testimony of my senses.

The firm incredulity of Amedeus took from me all confidence in him. At this moment I would have preferred having Charles near me; he would have heard me with terror; he would have believed me.

It is no doubt in consequence of a similar feeling to the one I experienced, that princes and other great people often prefer inferior and unenlightened confidants to those who cannot understand certain weaknesses.

My cousin questioned me a little, and then went to bed again, and in a short time I heard him snoring, which wounded me as much as if his imperturbable sleepiness had really been an injury to me

I glanced timidly at the wooden panel I had seen fall, but it was put back in its place. All was calm, I listened eagerly I rose up,

and I could not make this motion without double terror. I was even frightened at the noise I made in walking. Every sound, of what kind soever, agitated my nerves and produced a painful sensation.

I went towards the table, and I trembled on seeing the fatal ring placed there by the spectre. It was indeed the ring I had once put on Sophie's finger. "Ah," cried I, "it is true I had broken the vow engraved on this ring, but has Sophie any right to reproach me with inconstancy from the depth of the grave!"

"She was base, she was perfidious. No! heaven does not permit such prodigies; all these pretended phenomena are but illusion—But how can they be explained?"

Saying these words, I went away from the table, opened the window and went out upon the balcony

The freshness of the air calmed my agitated blood, and having staid nearly two hours, I returned, threw myself on the bed and soon fell asleep.

I was awakened at nine o'clock in the morning by the baron himself, who gaily entered the room, saying that he had just arrived.

Having gently reproved Amedeus and me for the way in which we had introduced ourselves into the castle, he embraced us tenderly, calling us his children, and turning towards me, he said: "Do you not now wish to see my Stephanie?"

"Ah, my uncle," cried I, "is she not angry with me?"

"I never told her of your foolish passion; she only knew you had a dislike to marriage." But, come, follow me and I will present you"—saying these words, my uncle left the room, and Amedeus and I accompanied him.

We found the sisters in the parlor, and, I thought Stephanie an angel;—her smile which was at once arch and ingenuous made her beauty bewitching. On seeing her I forgot my inquietudes, my terrors and my visions.

Stephanie received me with grace and sensibility, and the baron, abridging ceremonies and enjoying my surprise and confusion, placed me at her side.

During breakfast I could look only at Stephanie; she blushed from instinctive modesty, and not from an embarrassment which her innocence prevented her feeling. Her cheeks were covered from time to time with the deepest carnation: but the dazzling whiteness of her forehead and the rest of her face remained unchanged.

It is not thus that young girls in Paris blush. A little confusion is always mingled with the feeling which produces their blushes; they know *why* they are intimidated; at least, they suspect

why, and the whole face colors. The most bewitching charm of modesty is to be found but in the country, or in solitude; it is given only to innocent beauty, which is moved without being agitated.

After breakfast, the baron led us into the garden, and he told me to give my arm to Stephanie, and to go on before in order that I might speak to her without restraint. I obeyed with transport, and when we were a few hundred yards from the baron I told her my sentiments with which she had inspired me. She made no reply. This taciturnity disturbed me.

"Deign to tell me," continued I, "that you authorize my vows and your father's project. You are still silent:—What must I think? will you oppose my happiness, or, has your heart already made a choice?"

"Yes," replied Stephanie at length, "I have loved for a long time."

At these words I was thunderstruck. "I am very unfortunate," cried I—"but I renounce my happiness. Do not fear, Stephanie, that I will misuse your father's partiality for me; at least give me the means of serving you; tell me who is the happy being that you prefer to me?"

"I dare not name him," she replied, "but I will show you his likeness."

"You have it then?"

"Yes, here it is."

Saying these words, she drew a miniature-case from her bosom, which she handed me. What was my astonishment on recognizing a likeness of myself, set in emeralds which I had given to Sophie!

"Ah, heaven!" cried I, "you love me! But how came this picture into such pure hands?"

"I obtained it as I did the ring."

"What! the shade that appeared to me yesterday was—"

"Myself."

"And the melodious harp?"

"Belongs to me."

"And the celestial voice"—

"Was mine."

"Just heaven! what unworthy words you sang!"

"I pardon you," replied Stephanie smiling; "if you love me now, you make a full reparation. But do not think a revengeful spirit has actuated me. I have obeyed my father, and it has been with sorrow and repugnance."

Transported with joy, gratitude and love, I fell at her feet. Here, the baron, Hortensia and Amedeus came to rejoin us, and the baron made us all sit down on a bench.

"I am going," said he, "to explain in a few words the phenomena of last night."

"In the first place, six months ago, I brought a music teacher from Paris for my daughters, and at the sale of Sophie's effects, I bought the harp which you saw yesterday evening."

"The Chevalier de Kernosi, Sophie's last lover, received from her the sacrifice of your letters and all you had given her. As he belongs to this province, I knew him very well, and, at my entreaty, he obtained from Sophie all the pledges of your passion for her and sent them to me. I have read all your letters; it was a means of knowing you perfectly that it did not become me to neglect."

"The Chevalier de Kernosi has been to the castle, and he told me that Stephanie's voice in singing much resembles Sophie's; thus I took advantage of this similarity in the tricks I had played upon you last night."

"When you came here incognito, Charles informed Stephanie, and she immediately wrote to me."

"I was only about three leagues distant, and I returned at once. Your disguising yourself as a ghost, gave me the idea of tormenting you a little, and at the same time of revenging my Stephanie for your former disdain. I compelled her to do all that she has done. For two years she has been much prejudiced in your favor, and I have had need of all my authority to oblige her to play the part that has distressed you so much. I gave instructions to Amedeus, Charles and Barbara, and all has been done according to my orders."

"Hereafter," continued he, affectionately pressing my hand, "I hope you will be more reasonable."

"Yes, my uncle," interrupted I, "happiness will render me wise; love, joy and gratitude already inspire me with the desire to do so."

A few days afterwards, my mother and aunt came to Kolmeras to witness the weddings of my cousin and self.

I received the hand of the charming Stephanie; and as a marriage is the denouement which terminates nearly all romances, behold the end of mine!

THE YOUNG POET'S PRAYER.

BY AUSTIN Y. EARL.



FATHER, lowly on thy
foot-stool kneeling,
I humbly turn my wan-
dering thoughts to thee;
And thank thee for the
blessings thou art deal-
ing
Ever oh God! with
bounteous hand on me:

And though my heart is often sad, repining
For things that have not been and may not be,
'Tis not, oh Father! want of faith in Thee:
But promptings of the love of good, that twining
Around my heart doth keep it ever yearning,
For gift of such perfection as to Thee,
To Thee oh Father! doth alone belong;
And that my heart is ever, ever learning,
From each enraptured poet's lofty song.

Father, often when my courage faileth,
And from the task of life I coward shrink;
And, scarcely knowing what my spirit aileth,
I trembling stand upon the very brink

Of cold misanthropy, and dark despairing,
And from the cup of my own sorrow drink;
The love that unto men my heart doth link,
And keep my spirit ever upward bearing;
The love that all my brother-man is sharing,
Each selfish thought and sorrow hence doth sink;
And wake within my heart the voice of song,
And nerve my spirit with such lofty daring,
As to the poet doth alone belong.

'Tis then, oh Father, that I lowly kneeling
Do turn my wandering thoughts to Thee,
And thank Thee for the blessings thou art dealing
Ever, oh God! with bounteous hand on me,
'Tis then, oh Father, that I humbly praying
Do ask such energy of will from Thee,
That I may nobly fill my destiny;
And heedless what the world of me is saying,
While with my brother-man on earth I'm staying,
That I may useful unto thousands be.

Father, my heart repeats each prayer again:—
To Thee its thoughts are ever open lying—
Father, let not its prayers be all in vain.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

AMERICAN VIEWS,—NO. III.

NIAGARA FALLS.

IN our April number we gave a view of this wonderful cataract, taken from the "Chinese Pagoda." The sketch given in the present number represents it as it appears from Bellevue Springs, which are distant one mile and a half, below. The height of the falls does not, of course, appear so great, when seen from this point; but the view is not the less imposing. The sound of the waters, rushing over the rocky precipice, acquires additional solemnity by passing through the intermediate air, while it loses half its harshness. The deep rumbling tones are heard, clear and distinct, yet fluctuating, as the breeze grows fresh, or dies away. The rainbow,

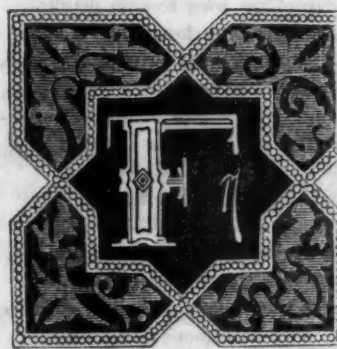
formed by the action of the sun upon the perpetually rising mist, is sometimes seen stretching across the abyss, adding to the beauty and effect of the view.

We refer our readers to the April number, for a more minute description of the FALLS.

This is the second of our original American views, engraved from paintings, purchased by us from MR. G. N. FRANKENSTEIN of Cincinnati, an artist who possesses fine abilities. Our next views will be of Western Scenery, from drawings made on the spot by the same artist. We have three of them in hands, and others engaged.

FRANK MANLY.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."—POPE.



FRANK, do not be discouraged," said Squire Rockwell to his young friend, Frank Manly, whose desponding tone, as they stood conversing on the levee, had induced the kind old man to make inquiries about his circumstances and his prospects, which he found to be indeed any thing but flattering.

"I am discouraged, Mr. Rockwell," answered Frank; "who would not be discouraged, situated as I am? Time and money have I expended in preparing myself for my profession;—night after night have I bent over musty tomes; and what has it availed me? I have been deceiving myself, Mr. Rockwell. I might have known that I could not succeed; for had I not been blind, wilfully blind, I must have seen that the professions were overstocked. Had I learned a trade, I would, at least, have been able to support my poor old mother in respectability, but now I am only a burden to her."

"But, my young friend," said Mr. Rockwell, "you will gain nothing by indulging such desponding thoughts. You have a strong frame and stout limbs, and, while God is pleased to continue to you these blessings, you need not shrink from any difficulty. If your professional prospects are truly as you represent them, I would advise you to apply yourself to something else. To regret the loss of time or money will not remedy present evils; such regrets are useless, childish. You may have been unfortunate in not having learned some mechanical art; but do not let that depress you. If you are willing to employ yourself, you need not fear but that you will find plenty to do. It is better to be an honest laborer, than a sneaking, pettifogging lawyer. Do not be offended at me, Frank; I may speak bluntly, but I mean kindly."

"But it is hard, Mr. Rockwell," said Frank, "after having spent years in preparing myself for a profession, to give up all—lose the money

I have expended and the precious time I have consumed."

"It perhaps does seem hard," said Mr. Rockwell, "but it is better that than to go on consuming more of that time which is so precious, and spending more money with so precarious a means of support. And it does not follow that you must for ever abandon your profession, and the hope of rising in it; a more favorable opening may offer at a future period."

"And I must descend, too, from the position I have hitherto occupied in society, and bear with a supercilious nod—a cold recognition—from those with whom I have moved on an equality."

"Yes; the heartless and frivolous—the devotees of fashion—will perhaps cut your acquaintance, but, depend upon it, the really worthy and sensible will admire you for your manly independence, and respect you more."

"But what can I do?"

"You can do many things. But your own judgment will best direct you in choosing an employment. If you do not relish labor, you might soon get a clerkship, and that will not compromise your position in society."

"No, no—not that."

"Well, then, at the factories—"

"Ah, the factories!"

"Yes, Frank; you can get such employment there as will not be overly heavy, and yet be lucrative. You must conquer your pride, my young friend, and resolve to do what your judgment approves, and, my word for it, you will do right."

"Well, I will think of what you have said."

"Do so, my friend; I will see you again shortly—in the mean time adieu."

"Ellen, Jane, Maria—do come to the window! It can't be possible—and yet, it must be—it is himself."

"Who, Alice?"

"Frank Manly."

"Well, there's nothing strange in that, is there?"

"Yes, but there is."

"Where is he?"

"There."

"Why I see no one but Mr. Herbert—except it be your cart-man."

"That's it."

"What?"

"Your cart-man is Frank Manly."

"Impossible!"

Mr. Rockwell, in whose house this conversation occurred, rose quickly and approached the window. It was true; there was Frank Manly, not exactly in the capacity of a cart-man, as the young lady had expressed it, but superintending the loading of a quantity of metal, occasionally laying a hand to himself, and directing the operations of the workmen. A short smock of blue check was drawn over his person and confined round the waist with a hempen cord, otherwise he was dressed in his usual style. Mr. Rockwell regarded him for a moment with a smile of approbation; then turning round to one of the young ladies he said, "And why did you say impossible?"

"Because I would not have believed that Frank would so degrade himself."

"I can see nothing degrading, Miss Templeton," said Mr. Rockwell, gravely, "nothing degrading in the simple fact of wearing a cart-man's frock, and following an honest calling."

"But what does it all mean, dear Mr. Rockwell?" said Miss Templeton.

"It means," said Mr. Rockwell, "that Frank Manly has too proud a spirit to consent to be a drone in society. He found that he could not support himself by his profession, and he determined, like a noble fellow as he is, with his own two hands to earn a livelihood, rather than eat the bread of dependence."

Mr. Rockwell then related the conversation he had had with Mr. Manly, and the advice he had given. As he concluded, Frank turned, and observing his friends, bowed in recognition. Squire Rockwell and his daughter Alice returned his salutation with a cordial smile, but the three young ladies deigned not to notice him, and turned away with a contemptuous laugh. Mr. Rockwell noticed the action and said:

"My dear young ladies I am sorry to see you display the spirit which you have. You have imbibed altogether a false notion of gentility. I will not argue with you, but I tell you that the time will come when the most imperious beauty in the city may be proud to win a smile from Frank Manly."

Mr. Rockwell said no more, but soon after retired, leaving the young ladies to discuss the subject by themselves.

Frank Manly was a young man of good abilities, fine address, and a handsome person. His

father, an extensive wholesale dealer, died when Frank was about fifteen years of age, leaving his affairs in a very embarrassed state, and after many tedious delays in the settlement of the estate, the widow finally found herself with only a small annuity, barely sufficient, with rigid economy, to support herself and son. For herself, she did not repine, but for that son's sake, and on his account alone, she was grieved. The darling wish of her heart was, to see him rank high in the world's esteem, and to take his place among those gifted minds which have adorned our country's annals—for, with a mother's fond partiality, she imagined him possessed of all the highest qualifications of human nature. She sacrificed her comforts—and even necessities,—to obtain the means to give him an education. And Frank was not unmindful of his mother's sacrifices; he applied himself diligently, and mastered his studies with surprising ease. At the age of twenty, he graduated, and commenced the study of the law, with an eminent barrister, with whom he continued two years, when he passed his examination with credit and was admitted to practice. Frank looked forward, now, to a career of honor and usefulness, and his sanguine temperament pictured in the dim future only scenes of triumph. But it was not long before he began to find the reality was not so charming as he had fancied it. His attendance at his office was unremitting, but, alas! there came no clients. Men cared not to trust the young practitioner, when there were older and more experienced advocates to be had. I need not go on to describe the unvarying monotony of the twelve-month that followed his admission to the bar. It is but a repetition of the experience of thousands of young men of our country, who have foolishly cast themselves away upon a profession, and drag on a miserable existence, vibrating between hopes and fears; wearing the weary days along with murmurings and repinings. But Frank was different in one thing from this class; he was not one who would always go on repining, and hoping, and fearing, for he had a strong spirit and no common intellect. He had brooded gloomily over his situation without coming to any definite conclusion, until the conversation with Squire Rockwell, which is recorded in the opening of our story. That conversation had made a deep impression upon him, and when he was left alone he retired to his office, and sat down to consider the matter seriously. The result of his reflections was, that he determined to take the advice of his friend. He knew he would have to forfeit the society of the fashionable in which he had moved; that he would have to bear the cold sneers of many, who,

until now, had sought his companionship; but he had formed his resolution, and these considerations could not deter him. His mother, too, when he informed her of his resolution, tried to persuade him to renounce the idea; but when he clearly explained to her the hopelessness of waiting longer for practice, and the misery of such a life of anxiety, she was a woman of too much good sense not to see that he was right, and she offered no further impediment,—though it seemed to her the death-blow to all her sanguine hopes on his account.

The same day Frank made an engagement with an extensive iron manufacturer, and entered at once upon his duties.

The insulting laugh and cutting manner of the young ladies at Mr. Rockwell's dwelling had not escaped the observation of Frank Manly. A bitter smile was upon his countenance as he cast one hasty look behind, before turning into another street. Frank loved Maria Templeton, and he had had every reason to believe that she regarded him with favor. The blow was doubly severe, inflicted by her hands.

"I could not have thought," he murmured, "that *she* would be the first to thrust me downward. Have I been deceived in her character? I know not. I had pictured to myself Maria Templeton as a being all heart! She pretended not to see me. Ah, well! How different was Alice Rockwell!"

This was but the beginning of trials, but the blow fell perhaps the heavier and was more severely felt, because of the hand that inflicted it. Such slights were of daily occurrence. But Frank had an indomitable spirit; trials, and difficulties, and disappointments could not arrest the purposes which, after due deliberation, he had formed in his soul. The coldness and neglect of his former companions only nerved him more firmly to the accomplishment of his duties.

Several months thus passed. He had once sought to see Miss Templeton, but had been repulsed, and then, convinced of her fickleness and selfishness, he only sought to banish her image from his heart. There was one circumstance which, probably, assisted much in promoting this object. He visited frequently at Squire Rockwell's, where a kindly welcome always awaited him, and in the society of the old man's daughter, he passed many delightful evenings. Alice was almost the only young lady of his former acquaintance who received him with the same cordiality as formerly. Insensibly she began to usurp that place in his affections which Miss Templeton had formerly filled.

A year had now elapsed since Frank Manly entered upon his new occupation. His diligence and integrity had won for him the good opinion of his employer, and his salary, at the end of six months, had been doubled. He could now support himself in comfort, and still lay by a portion of his earnings for his mother's use. If he ever regretted the change he was forced to make in his habits, he had at least the satisfaction of having a good conscience.

"I have a proposition to make to you," said Mr. Rockwell, as one day he met Frank; "will you call at my house this evening?"

Frank promised to do so; and accordingly waited upon him at an early hour.

"You may remember," said Mr. Rockwell, after the usual compliments had been passed, "that when I advised you to apply yourself to some other employment, I told you that it was not necessary that you should for ever abandon your profession."

"I remember, and I did cherish a hope that it might be so; but latterly I have banished the idea from my mind, and learned to be content with my lot. It was vain to indulge such a hope."

"Not so. And I imagine the time has arrived when you may return and take up your true position. I have a suit pending which involves half of my fortune. I intend to put it into your hands."

Frank would fain have persuaded his kind friend to alter his resolution, doubting his ability to conduct so important a case; but Mr. Rockwell insisting, it was finally arranged that he should undertake it.

The suit was one which had excited much speculation, as the interests involved were considerable. Eminent counsel was employed by the opposing party, and all things seemed to indicate that the case would be decided against Mr. Rockwell.

The day of trial at length arrived. Frank had prepared himself thoroughly, and did not despair of success, though he failed not to notice the air, half contemptuous, with which the counsel on the opposite side regarded him when he appeared for his client.

We need not describe the minutiae of the trial, which lasted two days—suffice it to say that a verdict was rendered in favor of his client, Mr. Rockwell. It was a triumph indeed! Congratulations were showered upon him. Those who had before looked upon him as beneath their notice, were now eager to make his acquaintance, and cultivate his friendship. He once more opened an office, and business poured in upon him. He was a made man, to use a com-

mon but expressive phrase. He was again courted by the circles in which he had formerly moved, and Maria Templeton too would fain have attached him to herself again, and she put in play all her arts to that effect, but in vain. The charm had been broken, and other attractions rendered all her arts harmless.

A notice which appeared in the — Gazette a few months subsequent may explain the nature of those attractions. It ran somewhat after this fashion :

MARRIED—On the — inst. Frank Manley, Esq. to Miss Alice Rockwell, daughter of the Hon. Thomas Rockwell, all of this city.

CANZONET.

From the Italian of Gabriello Chiabrera.

BY S. F. STREETER.

(The poet addresses the smiling mouth of his lady-love)



BEAUTEOUS, ruddy, thornless
rose,
That to morn dost ne'er uncloze,
But, commissioned from above,
Keep'st the treasury of love ;
And, with watchful ward and
true,
Guardest pearls,—though not of dew.

Lovely, living, precious rose !
Deign the reason to disclose,
Why, whenever I by chance
Fix on thee a burning glance,
Thy red leaves, with witching wile,
Open in so sweet a smile ?

Is it from a kind desire,
To assuage my secret fire ?
Or that thou so cruel art,
As to see with joyful heart,
Sigh, and pang, and failing breath,
Slowly do the work of death ?

Yet, I care not what the cause,
That thy smile upon me draws ;
Well content with what I see,
I will joy in praising thee ;
Only let me bask, the while,
In thy sweet and sunny smile !

Baltimore, July 18, 1845.

When the murmuring, sedgy stream,
Glances in the morning beam,
And the flowrets make the mead
Glad and beautiful indeed,
We, with sympathizing mirth,
Cry,—“ How smiling is the earth !”

When the zephyr, with delight,
Skims o'er waters clear and bright,
And the waves, serene and bland,
Scarcely ripple on the sand,
Or assail the rock-bound isles,
We exclaim,—“ the ocean smiles !”

When, 'mid flowers and lilies pale,
Morn assumes her golden veil,
And, upon her sapphire car,
Comes in glory from afar,
Our united voices cry,—
“ See, how brightly smiles the sky !”

Flowery earth, and sounding sea,
Beautiful and grand may be,
And the skies, surpassing fair,
When their smile of light they wear ;
But earth, sea, nor sky know how,
To smile so witchingly as thou !

SONNET.—LIFE.

He said that I must die !
And his deep voice was steady, calm, and low ;
What sign is on my lip, or cheek, or brow,
To whisper this to him ; or does my eye
Tell any tale of pain and agony ?
I feel so much of life, my heart is full,
And radiant visions of the beautiful

Are poured upon my soul so lavishly ;
Beautiful life ! the cerement and the pall
Startle me coldly with a quiv'ring thrill,
The quick eye curtain'd and the heart throb still,
And I might shrink indeed, if this were all.
Call back my fears. O God, and make me free,
To seek a nobler, higher life in thee.

THE NEGLECTED ONE.

BY MISS S. A. HUNT.

"I never was a favorite,
My mother never smiled
On me with half the tenderness
That blessed her fairer child."



CHRISTINE, do be obliging for once, and sew this button on my glove, wont you?" cried Ann Lambert, impatiently, throwing a white kid glove in her sister's lap. "I am in such a flurry! I wont be ready to go to the concert in two or three hours. Mr. Darcet has been waiting in the parlor an age. I do n't know what the reason is, but I never can find any thing I want, when I look for it; whenever I do n't want a thing, it is always in the way. Have you sewed it on yet?" she asked, looking around from the bureau, where she was turning every thing topsy turvy, in the most vigorous manner. Christine was quietly looking out of the window, yawning and gazing listlessly up at the moon and stars.

"O no matter if you have no button on," was her reply; "I really do n't feel like moving my fingers just now. You must wait on yourself. I always do."

"I should n't have expected any thing, but your usual idle, selfishness, even when I most need your assistance," replied Ann, in a cool, bitter tone; the curve of her beautiful lip, and the calm scorn of the look she bent on Christine, betrayed her haughty, passionate character, and it also told that she was conscious of a certain power and strength of mind, which, when roused, could and would bend others to her will. A slight, contemptuous smile was on her lip, as she picked up the glove, which had fallen on the floor.

"I'll sew the button on, Ann," said Christine, taking it from her, and looking up seriously, but with a compressed expression about her face. Her cheeks burned; there was a reproof in her steady gaze, before which Ann's scornful smile vanished. "No, Christine, I will wait on myself," she answered in a rigid tone.

"Very well," and Christine turned to the window again. She had not quailed before her

sister's look, but its bitter contempt rankled in her heart, and poisoned the current of her thoughts. Not a word was spoken, when Ann with her bonnet on, left their apartment. The front door closed; Christine listened to the sound of her sister's voice in the street a moment, then rose from her chair, and threw herself upon the bed, sobbing violently.

"Oh! why has God made me as I am?" she murmured, no one loves me. They do not know me; they know how bad I am—but, oh! they never dream how often I weep, and pray for the affection that is denied me. How Ann is caressed by every body, and how indifferently am I greeted. There is no one in the wide world who takes a deep interest in me. I am only secondary with father and mother; they are so proud of Ann's beauty and talent, they do not think to see whether I am possessed of talent or not. They think I am cold and heartless, because they have taught me to restrain my warmest feelings; they have turned me back upon myself, they have forced me to shut up in my own heart, its bitterness, its prayers for affection, its pride, its sorrow. They have made me selfish, disobliging, and disagreeable, because I am too proud to act as if I would beg the love they are so careless of bestowing. And yet, why am I so proud and so bitter? I was not so at school; then I was gentle and gay; then I, too, was a favorite; they called me amiable. I am not so now. Then I dwelt in an atmosphere of love, only the best impulses of my nature, were called out. Now—oh! I did not know I could so change; I did not know that there was room in my heart for envy and jealousy. I did not know myself!"

Christine wept, until her head ached, and her forehead felt as if it was swelled almost to bursting. "After a storm, there comes a calm," is a truism well known. In about half an hour, she was sleeping profoundly, from mere exhaustion of feeling. But her face was pale, and sad to look upon, even in her sleep.

When Ann returned home, at a late hour, she glanced hastily at the bed, to see if she had re-

tired, and was sleeping. More than once during the evening her heart had reproached her for the part she had acted. With a noiseless step she approached Christine, and bent over her. The tear drop upon her pale cheek, revealed the unconscious girl to her in a new character. How her conscience smote her, for the grief upon that countenance, now so subdued, by the spirit of sleep! Its meek sadness and tenderness, stirred in her bosom feelings she had seldom experienced. She felt, and understood better than ever before, her sister's proud reserve with herself, as well as every one else. She kissed away the tear, and knelt at the bedside in prayer, a thing she had not done in years. A flood of tender and self-reproachful feelings came over her; the spring was touched, and she wept aloud. Christine started up, and murmured a few broken sentences, before she was fully conscious of the meaning of the scene.

"What is the matter, Ann, are you crying?" she at length asked, as her sister lifted up her face. Ann arose from her knees; she hesitated, she felt as if she could throw herself into Christine's arms, and weep freely as she asked forgiveness for her conduct. She felt that she would be affectionately pardoned. And yet she stood silent; her heart brimming with tenderness all the while—something held her back; a something that too often chills a pure impulse, a gush of holy feeling. It was pride. She could not bring herself to speak words of penitence and humility. But she did not turn away from the anxious gaze riveted upon her; she drooped her eyes, and the tears rolled slowly down her face.

"Oh, Ann, dear Ann, this does not seem like you!" said Christine, tenderly approaching her. "I am your sister; if you have any sorrow, why may I not sympathise with you? How can *you* be sorrowful? you never meet with neglect, and—" the young girl paused hastily, with a suddenly flushed face; she had inadvertently betrayed, what she had previously so carefully concealed under the mask of callous indifference,—she had shown that she felt keenly her own position, and that of her sister as a favorite. Ann was proud of her intellect, and fascinating beauty; she was selfishly fond of admiration. She knew that her sister was really as gifted as herself, if not more so; she had heard her converse at times, when her cheek glowed, and her eye kindled with enthusiasm. She had seen her, very rarely, but still she had seen her, when *expression* had lit up her face with a positive beauty,—when the soul, the life of beauty beamed forth, and went to the heart with a thrill that acknowledged its power. She knew that she would have been brilliant and fascinating, if

she had not been repressed; with all her faults, there was a more feminine yieldingness about her, than about herself. There was an affectionate pathos in her voice, a tender grace in her air, when she asked to sympathise in her sorrow. Ann felt for the first time fully, that she was one to love, and be beloved in the social circle. She felt that she had been most ungenerous, to absorb all the attention of her friends, instead of bringing forward the reserved, sensitive Christine. The sisters had never been much together; they had never made confidants of each other;—Ann was the eldest, and all in all with her parents, while Christine was a sort of appendage. Ann felt the unintentional reproach conveyed in her last words; she marked how quickly she stopt, and seemed to retire within herself again; she scanned her face closely, and generous feelings triumphed.

"Dear Christine!" she said in a low voice, passing her arm around her. "We have never been to each other, what sisters ought to be. I have been too thoughtless and careless; I have not remembered as I should have done, that you returned from school, a stranger to the majority of our friends and acquaintances. You are so reserved, even here at home; you never talk and laugh with father and mother as I do."

"Do you know why I appear cold, Ann? I am not so by nature. They do not seem to care when I speak, and I am not yet humble enough to have what I say treated with perfect indifference."

"Why, Christine, you are too sensitive," said Ann, half impatiently. "Be as noisy and lively as I am; entertain father, and say what will please mother; then you will be as great a pet as I."

"Even if I should value love, based upon my powers of pleasing, instead of the intrinsic worth of my character, I could not gain it, Ann. I came home, after my long absence, as merry and light-hearted, as full of hope, of love towards you all, as ever a happy school girl did. Then I was seventeen; it seems as if long years had elapsed, since the day I sprang into your arms so joyfully,—since father and mother kissed me. Home, sweet home, how musical those words were to me; how often I had dreamed of nestling at father's side, your hand locked in mine, and mother's smile upon us both. It was not long before I was awakened from the dream I had cherished so long. I thought my heart would break when the reality that I was unloved, came upon me. Then I learned how deep were the fountains of tenderness within me. My heart overflowed with an intense desire for affection, when I saw that I did not possess it. Oh!

how often I looked upon mother's face, unobserved, and felt that my love for her was but a wasted shower. At that time of bitterness, how sad was the revelation that came up from the very depths of my soul, teaching me a truth, fraught with suffering—that affection is life itself. I felt that it was my destiny never to be cheered by its blessed light and warmth. Months passed away, and I closed up my heart; a coldness, a stoic apathy came over me, which was sometimes broken by a slight thing; the flood gates of feeling gave way, and I wept with a passionate sorrow,—over my own sinfulness—over my own lonely heart, without one joy to shed a glow on its rude desolation. Oh! then, when I was softened, when I could pray, and feel that the Lord listened to me, I would have been a different being, if mother's hand had been laid fondly upon my head, if her eyes had filled with tears, and I could have leaned upon her bosom, and wept. But I was unloved, and my heart grew hard again."

"Do n't say that you are unloved," interrupted Ann, pressing Christine to her heart, and sobbing with an abandonment of feeling. "Forgive me, dear, dear sister, my heart shall be your home,—we will love each other always; I will never again be as I have been. Do n't weep so, Christine, can't you believe me? I am selfish, I am heartless sometimes, but a change has come over me to-night; to *you* I can never be heartless again."

At that moment, few would have recognized the haughty Miss Lambert in the tearful girl, whose head drooped on Christine's shoulder, while her white hand was clasped and held in meek affection to her lips. If we could read the private history of many an apparently cold, heartless being, we would be more charitable in our opinions of others. We would see that there are times when the better feelings, which God has given as a pure inheritance, are touched. We would see the inner life from Him, flowing down from its home in the hidden recesses of the soul, breaking and scattering the clouds of evil, which had impeded its descent—we would see the hard heart melted, though perhaps briefly, beneath angel influences. We would see that all alike, are the beloved creations of the Almighty's hand, and we would weep over ourselves, as well as others, to feel how seldom we yield to the voice that would ever lead us aright. Ann Lambert, as her heart overflowed with pure affection, thought sincerely that no selfish action of hers should ever sadden Christine. She felt that she was unworthy, that she had been cruel and selfish, but she imagined her strong emotions of repentance had uprooted the evils, which had only been shaken.

Christine dried her tears, and looked earnestly and inquiringly in her sister's face, as if she suspected there was some hidden sorrow with which she was unacquainted. Ann answered her look, by saying,

"You wonder what I was weeping for, when you awoke, Christine. I had met with no sorrow; but when I looked at you, the course of conduct I had pursued towards you came up before me, vividly: I felt how unsisterly I had been—"

"Say nothing about it," interrupted Christine, with delicate generosity, "let the past be forgotten, the future shall be all brightness, dearest Ann. We will pour out our hearts to each other, and each will strengthen the other, in better purposes. I am no longer alone, you love me and I am happy."

That night, the dreams of the sisters were pure and peaceful. One happy week passed away with Christine; Ann was affectionate and gentle, and only went out when accompanied by her. They were inseparable; they read, wrote, studied and sewed together. For the time, Ann seemed to have laid aside her usual character; she yielded to her purest feelings; no incident had yet occurred to mar her tranquility. One evening, when she was reading aloud to Christine, in their own apartment, a servant girl threw open the door, and exclaimed:

"Miss Ann, there are two gentlemen waiting in the parlor to see you; Mr. Darcet and Mr. Burns."

"Very well," replied Ann, rising, and giving the book to Christine; but she took it away in the instant, and said:

"Come, Crisy, go down with me!"

"Oh, no matter," replied her sister, "I am not acquainted with them, and I would rather stay up here, and read. Mother will be in the parlor."

"Suit yourself," returned Ann, half carelessly, as she smoothed her hair. "When you get tired of reading, come down."

"I'll see about it," said Christine, as the door closed.

Ann looked beautiful indeed, as she entered the parlor, her features lit up, with a smile of graceful welcome. After a little easy trifling, the conversation turned upon subjects which she knew Christine would be interested in. Under a kind impulse, she left the room, and hastened to her.

"Come down in the parlor, Christine," she exclaimed, laying her hand affectionately upon her shoulder, as she approached. "Mr. Darcet is telling about his travels in Europe, and I am sure you will be interested. There is no need of your being so unsociable. Come, dear!"

Christine raised her face, with an eloquent smile; she went with Ann without speaking, but her heart was filled with a sweet happiness, from this proof of thoughtful affection. When she was introduced to Ann's friends, there was a most lovely expression on her face, breathing forth from a pure joyfulness within.

"I was not aware that you had a sister, Miss Lambert," said Mr. Darcet, turning to Ann, when they were quietly seated after a brief admiring gaze at Christine.

"Perhaps I have been too much of a recluse," replied Christine quickly, in order to relieve the embarrassment of Ann, which was manifested by a deep blush. "I have yielded to sister Ann's persuasions this time to be a little sociable, and I think I shall make this a beginning of sociabilities."

"I hope so," returned Darcet; "do you think being much secluded, has a beneficial effect upon the mind and feelings?"

"I do not," was the young girl's brief answer. The color came to her cheek, and a painful expression crossed her brow, an instant. "But sometimes—" the sentence was left unfinished. Darcet's curiosity was awakened by the sudden quiver of Christine's lip, and forgetful of what he was about, he perused her countenance longer, and more eagerly, than was perfectly polite or delicate. She felt his scrutiny, and was vexed with her tell-tale face. There was a silence which Mrs. Lambert interrupted by saying, with a smile:

"We should like to hear more of your adventures, Mr. Darcet, if it is agreeable to you."

"Oh! certainly!" he replied. And he whiled an hour quickly away. Ann was then urged to play and sing, which she did, but there was a little haughtiness mingled with her usual grace.

"Don't you sing, Miss Christine?" asked Darcet, leaving the piano, and approaching the window, where she sat, listening attentively to Ann.

"I do sometimes," answered Christine, smiling, "but Ann sings far better."

"Let others judge of that. Is n't that fair?"

"We often err in thinking we do better than other people, but I think we generally hit the truth, when we discover that in some things, at least we are not quite as perfect as others."

"Certainly, but it is the custom to speak of ourselves, as if we were inferior to those whom we really regard as beneath us in many respects. There is no true humility in that; we depart from the truth."

"Custom sanctions many falsehoods; to speak the truth always, would make us many enemies. But we might better have them, than to contradict the truth; what do you think?" Christine looked up with an earnest seriousness.

"Truth, and truth alone, should govern us in every situation, let the consequences be what they may," said Darcet in a tone that sounded almost stern; then more gentle he added, "Before all things I prize a frank spirit; for Heaven may be reflected there. With all, this upright candor must in a measure be acquired. Yet, I think frankness to our own souls is acquired with far more labor. We shrink from a severe scrutiny into our tangled motives."

"And when these motives are forced upon our notice, we endeavor to palliate and excuse them. I am sure it is so," exclaimed Christine earnestly, for her own young heart's history came up before her, and she remembered that she had excused herself for acting and feeling wrong, on the plea that others had not done right by her. "But"—she continued after a pause, "you cannot think it is well always to express the sentiments which circumstances may give rise to. Such a course might prevent us from doing a great deal of good."

"Certainly it might. The end in view should be regarded. Good sense, and a pure heart will show us the best way in most cases."

There is a power deep and silent, exerted by good persons; the folded blossoms of the heart slowly open in their presence, and are refreshed. A new impulse, a pure aspiration for a higher life, a yearning after the perfecting of our nature, may be sown as a seed in hearts that are young, in the work of self-conquest. Thus it was with Christine. The influence of Darcet strengthened all that was good within her; and as they remained long engaged in deep and earnest conversation, the elevation and purity of his sentiments, gave clearness and strength to ideas that had been obscure to her before, because unexpressed. Her peculiar situation had made her far more thoughtful than many of her years. She thought she had lost the gay buoyancy of her childhood, but she was mistaken. She was one to profit by lessons that pressed down the bounding lightness of her spirit; she was yet to learn that she could grow young in glad feelings, as years rolled over her head. There was a subdued joy in her heart, that was new to her, and gave a sweetness to her manner, as she poured forth the guileless thoughts that first rose to her lips. It seemed strange to meet with the ardent sympathy which Darcet manifested by every look of his intelligent face; she could scarcely realize that it was herself, that anybody really felt interested in the thoughts and imaginings that had clustered around her solitary hours. At parting, he said with warm interest, as he slightly pressed her hand, "I hope Miss Christine, we may have many conversations on the subjects we have touched upon to-night."

"Oh! I hope so," replied Christine, with a

frank, bright smile. After the gentlemen had gone, Christine threw her arm around her sister, and said gaily, "Hav'n't we had a pleasant evening, Ann, my dear?"

"Pleasant enough," said Ann, trying to yawn, "but I felt rather stupid, as I often do."

"Stupid! Is it possible?" exclaimed the astonished girl. "You were talking with Mr. Burns; well, he did n't look as if he would ever set the North river a fire with his energies, it is true."

Ann smiled very slightly, then rather pettishly disengaged herself, from the detaining hand of Christine, and taking a light, retired, without saying any thing, but a brief good night to her mother. Christine soon followed, wondering what made Ann so mute and sharp, in her actions. "Why, Ann, are you angry with me?" she asked, going up to her, as soon as she entered the apartment.

"I don't know what I should be angry for," was the impatient reply. "Can't a person be a little short when sleepy, without being tormented with questions about it?"

"Oh, yes, I won't trouble you any more." And making due allowance for Ann's quick temper, Christine occupied herself good humouredly with her own thoughts. The secret of Ann's shortness and sleepiness lay here. Her vanity was wounded to think, that Christine was more interesting than her own beautiful self.

"Well, he is a sort of a puritan, and now I begin to understand Christine better, I think she is too," thought Ann, after she had mused her irritation away a little. "He is very polite and agreeable, and it was very pleasant to have him always ready to take me out when I wanted to

go, but I never felt perfectly easy in his company; I was always afraid I might say something dreadful; something that would shock his wonderful goodness. But Christine seemed perfectly at home. How bright and lovely she looked! I will not allow evil thoughts to triumph over me. I will not be vexed simply because she eclipsed me, where no one ever did before. She is a dear, affectionate girl, and I made a vow before God to love her always, never to be to her as I was once."

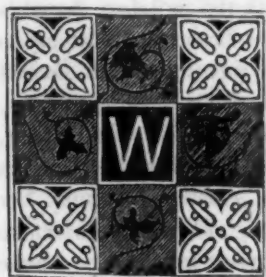
A fervent prayer brought back to Ann all her former tranquillity, and she pressed a kiss upon Christine's forehead, full of repentant affection. Just before she went to sleep, she thought to herself:

"Well, if I may trust my woman's perception, Darcet will be exclaiming, after he has seen Christine a few times more.

"Oh! love, young love, bound in thy rosy bands."

Ann's perception proved correct. About a year after these cogitations, Christine became Mrs. Darcet. The sisters were much changed, but Christine the most so. There was a child-like simplicity and sweetness beaming from her young face which Ann needed. Yet had much haughtiness faded from the brow of that beautiful girl; she had grown better; but as yet her heart had not been schooled in suffering as Christine's had. There was deep affection in the warm tears that fell upon the bride's cheek, as poor Ann felt that she had indeed gone to bless another with her tender goodness. Christine's warm heart grew yet more sunny in her own happy little home, and her feelings more open and expansive, beneath the genial influence of friendly eyes.

WHERE IS THE SPIRIT LAND.



HERE is that happy spirit
land,
In which the soul
awakes,
When from its care-worn
tenement,
Life's silken tie it
breaks?
When riv'n is ev'ry cord
which bound

It to the shore of time;
Oh! is there not beyond this vale
A more congenial clime?

A clime, where light and love and peace
In harmony combine;
Where dwell the pure, the good and true,
In life's perennial prime!
Where envy, selfishness and strife
Have never rear'd a throne;
But where they, for each other's good,
All think and act as one!

Ah yes, there is a spirit land,
I feel its presence near;
And oh! it stirs within my soul
A mingled joy and fear;

I hear its gentle whispers soft,
Borne on the evening's breeze;
And see its mighty moving pow'r
Extend o'er earth and seas.

How vain has been the search of those,
By sense and passion blind,
Who've sought alone in outward things
This secret world of mind;
For ah, it is not up above,
High in the field of space;
Nor can we of it predicate
The things of time and place.

Nay, 't is a state of purest thought;
A land of light and love;
And not a place, as many think,
Among the stars above.

It fills creation as a soul,
Cause in effect combin'd;
Although as equally distinct
As matter is from mind.

Pervading all material things,
In ev'ry clime and sphere;
Its recreating life and pow'r
Surrounds us every where;
And oh! upon mankind it pours
Its streams of gushing thought,
Which we dull mortals here below
Deem, are by fancy wrought.

Nay, 't is a truth, the lines I've penn'd,
Though seeming mine they be;
Though dark with blemishes, my own,
Have come, sweet land! from thee. o

DEATH OF MARCO BOZZARIS.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

Author of "Wild Flowers of Poesy," &c.

"Should you miss me in the conflict, seek me in the Pacha's tent."—(Last words of Bozzaris.)



Midnight is sleeping
on the hills
Of Hellas' classic shore,
And brooding darkness
hangs above
The Hellespont's deep
roar.
No moon was up, with
silv'ry ray,
To cheer the solemn
scene;

And not a star attends the path
Of night's retired Queen.
But, where the Crescent, curling high,
Extends its silver bow,
The Musselmen are drowned in sleep
And dreaming of the foe,—
They dream the morning soon will rise
To see the battle won,
While quenched in night the cross shall sink
With freedom's dying sun!

Surrounded by his slaves of state,
The Pacha lies at rest

Along his stately ottoman,
In gorgeous garments dress'd.
Who would not sleep profoundly here?
What harm, or fear, can be,
When every pass is guarded sure
By Eastern chivalry?

At the same hour, a noble band,
In forest high and deep,
Muster'd beneath a patriot eye—
That knew not how to sleep.
Their hearts and blades were tempered so
They would not break or yield,
As Persian's thousands knew too well
On many a bloody field.
Around them rose the mountain still,
Piercing the gloom of night,
And hope's bright star was sparkling yet,
Mid danger's tempest, bright—
The son's of sires who fought as well
On old Plataea's day,
With steel as good, and arms as strong
And souls as true as they.
List to that fearful onset cry!
It rises on the air,

Voices are sounding in the gloom—
 The flashing blades are bare!
 Bozzaris heads his "Spartan band,"
 From mountain hold and vale,
 With hearts as bold as ever beat
 Beneath a soldier's mail.—
 "The Greek!"—"the Greek!"—the tyrant wakes
 To hear that cry prolong;
 To night he pays for countless deeds
 Of unrequited wrong.
 Above the roar of conflict wild
 He hears Bozzaris' cry,
 Cheering his band of Suliotes
 To coming victory!
 "On! for your fathers' trampled graves!
 On for your mountains dear!
 Let not the dark-eyed maids of Greece
 All vainly shed a tear!
 Strike, for the banner of the just!
 The cross above us floats—
 Greece bleeds—and ye must staunch her wounds,
 My gallant Suliotes!
 We yield the Turk no quarter;
 We breathe no breath of peace—
 Ho! for our God the battle is,
 And—for our homes in Greece!"

Then, shrill upon the midnight blast,
 Went up the ring of swords,
 And, as the lightning winged shaft,
 They smote the Turkish hordes,
 Tho' firm they stand, and fierce they fought,
 Those turban'd Infidels,
 Before the blast of fire and steel
 Like Autumn leaves, they fell!
 The joyful cry of victory,
 Went up in noble pride,
 But dearly was that triumph won—
 For, HERE Bozzaris—died!

Away his weeping followers
 Their wounded chief conveyed,
 And saw the smile of conquest bright
 That on his features played;
 It settled on his marble brow,
 And in his closing eye,
 As forth the noble spirit pass'd
 To seek its kindred sky.

So on some lurid summer day
 The storm expires in peace,
 And calm the firmament appears
 Amid the cloudy fleece.—
 A wail comes from the isles of Greece,
 And from her myrtle bowers;
 A dirge of wild lament ascends
 From her sweet breast of flowers.
 Twine cypress with the rosy wreath,
 Young maidens, in the dance;

Let sable fillets deck your hair,
 And grief, each countenance!
 For smitten is the bravest heart
 That ever bled on field,
 And set his hope's new risen star,
 And broken is your shield.
 The moon, along Morea's hills,
 Looked out in purple pride,
 And saw the tyrant's might, a wreck
 Extending far and wide.
 The cloven turbans stain'd with blood,
 Were rolling useless now,
 And sunken in a crimson sea
 The Crescent's silver bow.—
 The sheathless Atagan lay there,
 And shivered scimitar,
 Too often red with noble blood
 In most unholy war.
 The blighted wild-flower, tinged with gore,
 Hung drooping on its stem,
 And fire-scorched boughs lay reeking o'er
 Some costly diadem!

Forth from their ancient rock-nests, high,
 The famished raven sped,
 With piercing wail, and whetted beak,
 To banquet on the dead!
 Oh! blunted be the battle blade
 In everlasting rust,
 When e'er it flashes from its sheath
 To aid a cause unjust!
 Stretch thy Almighty arm, O God!
 To chain the storm of war,
 And dash to dust the flaming wheels
 Of mad ambition's car!
 Send forth thy ministers of grace,
 With lips of love and peace,
 So man may love his fellow man
 And rude contention cease—

Sad Missolonghi's blighted towers
 Shall oft the story tell,
 Of many a gallant chief, that there
 In *freedom's* battle fell;
 But, he—the bravest of the brave—
 Shall ever live to be
 A beacon to her isles around,
 A name for Liberty!
 And He—the Pilgrim Poet too—*
 Shall have his meed of fame
 Transmitted down to future times,
 Linked with Bozzaris' name;
 Oh! ever may earth's bosom nurse
 Such sons of worthy sires,
 And Liberty forever keep
 Unquenched her altar-fires!

* Byron.

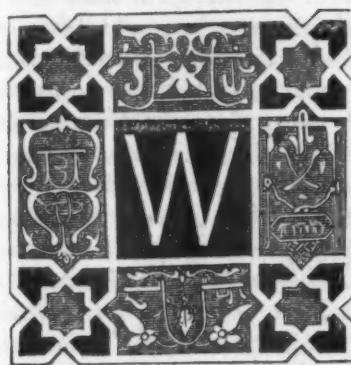
WORDS FOR A TRIO.

An argument, like a good trio, should be
 Where we all differ, and yet all agree
 In truth, and in tone, and in blest harmony.

THE SUBTERFUGE.

A TALE.

BY MRS. HUGHS.



ELL! Miss Gyrston," said Mr. Fairpoint, as he sat one evening beside his wife and the young lady he addressed, enjoying a cup of tea, which seemed more than usually delightful, in consequence of a few weeks absence from home,

"You have now had some opportunity of judging of our Philadelphia society; pray what do you think of it?"

"You must not call upon Miss Gyrston yet, dear, for her opinion of the Philadelphians," interrupted his wife, before the lady spoken to had time to answer; "you must wait till you have been at home awhile, to take us among our friends; for since you have been away, I have kept her a complete prisoner."

"Nay, do not talk of my having been a prisoner," returned Miss Gyrston; "for there has scarcely been a day since Mr. Fairpoint left home that we have not paraded two or three times up and down Chesnut street; and I have already decided, that the Philadelphia ladies dress splendidly, and are, upon the whole, much better looking than I expected to find them."

"That is no trifling degree of praise to award them," rejoined the master of the house; while a slight smile, that he tried in vain to suppress, made known to his wife what was his opinion of their guest's observation; "especially," he added, "as it is the opinion of a New Yorker. We must try, however, before you leave us, to let you see more into the interior of the temples, that you admit to be so handsomely decorated without. But Caddy," added he, "turning to his wife, "have your friends neglected you, in the same proportion that you have absented yourselves from them?"

"Oh! no! on the contrary, all our most intimate friends have spent the chief part of their leisure with us. We have passed few evenings

without either Louisa and Lydia Melville, or their sweet mother, and sometimes all three; and Cecilia, who you know seldom fails to accompany her cousins."

"Especially when Mr. Lionel Krugar is of the party," interrupted Miss Gyrston.

"Mrs. Fearing, too, and a few others, to whom I am most partial," continued the lady of the house scarcely seeming to notice Miss Gyrston's remark, have frequently been to see us; and sometimes all whom I have named, have formed parties, and surprised us with most welcome evening visits."

"And knowing the ladies of the party, I could enumerate the gentlemen by whom they were accompanied," returned her husband. "First there was my friend and favorite, Alfred Dhuring, feasting his eyes on the face of the lovely Louisa."

"But do not imagine, Harry," interrupted Mrs. Fairpoint, "that his attentions have been exclusively engrossed by her. Miss Gyrston has, I assure you, received no small portion."

"Oh hush! Mrs. Fairpoint," cried the young lady, blushing, but looking, at the same time, by no means displeased at the compliment which she disclaimed.

"You know," continued her hostess, "that however late it was when he left us the evening before, he generally contrived some errand for visiting us again in the morning, though he was very sure that Louisa would not then be here."

"Because," replied her guest, evidently neither very anxious to believe her own suggestion, nor to have others give it more credit; "you know he always said he had called on his way down to the counting house, to see if you wanted any thing that he could do for you, while Mr. Fairpoint was from home."

"I allow that was his ostensible errand, but of his real one you must permit me to form my own opinion."

"Oh! you only want something to plague me about," said the young lady, while the blushes that covered her cheeks and the smiles that lurked about her mouth, proved that she was

any thing but plagued at the idea of being an object of attraction to the handsome Alfred. "You know very well that he only came in the mornings to see if he could be of any service to you while Mr. Fairpoint was away, for he very often did not even sit down."

"You are right, Miss Gyrston," said Mr. Fairpoint, evidently not at all anxious to admit the possibility of his friend and favorite having been attracted by their visitor. "You only do my friend Alfred justice, in supposing that he was on the watch to find out where he could render a service. That is exactly his character. Where ever he can be most useful, or where he has an opportunity of showing an unostentatious mark of attention and kindness, there Alfred is sure to be found. I consider him one of the most honorable, upright and amiable men I ever knew. You have some idea of his qualities as a companion, but even his mental endowments, superior as they are, you would find surpassed, if you knew him well enough, by those of the heart. Indeed, so high is my opinion of him in that respect, that I feel it may be said of him, as Jeffries said of Professor Playfair, that it is as impossible for him to do a mean or ungenerous action, as it is for his body to cease to gravitate, or his soul to live."

"He is not rich, I believe?" said Miss Gyrston in a sort of inquiring tone.

"Not rich, certainly, but he is at the head of a large and prosperous establishment, of which he has almost the entire management; and there is not the smallest doubt, even bad as the times are, that his judgment, prudence and knowledge of business, will soon rank him among the wealthiest of our merchants."

"You seem to think he is attached to Miss Louisa Melville, the widow's daughter?" said the young lady in the same inquiring tone.

"I have no doubt of it; and if I have any skill in divining the human countenance, he is not regarded with indifference by her."

"Stop! stop! Harry! You are going too far!" cried Mrs. Fairpoint. "Say what you please of Alfred. He is a man and your own particular friend; but I cannot have you pass sentence, so unhesitatingly, on my sweet friend Louisa. Besides, they have only known each other a very few months."

"Much damage has been done in a much shorter time, Caddy. However, I will not offend your feelings any farther on that subject, nor pass further sentence on your friend than to say she is one of the loveliest creatures that I ever beheld."

"Do you not think she laughs too much?" asked Miss Gyrston.

"If her laugh were the unmeaning giggle that many young ladies mistake for sprightliness, I should certainly say 'yes.' But her laugh is never misplaced, nor without a cause; and its music falls upon the ear as the hilarity of a pure and joyous heart. Her sister may, perhaps, be said to be the handsomer. Her beauty is of symmetry of feature, but there is an air of anxiety in the expression of her countenance that produces an almost painful effect. Her cousin Cecilia, though handsome, is different from them both; and while Louisa gains admiration, because she does not appear to think of it, and Lydia obtains it, by seeming almost to deprecate it; the haughty self-possessed Cecilia, often loses that for which she is always craving; by proudly demanding as a right, what many are almost unwilling to grant as a favor. She talks well, but she evidently only talks for the sake of display; while Louisa's mind, on the contrary, is occupied with what she sees and hears. When she laughs, you see no distortion of the mouth to display a beauty, or to conceal a defect; and when she talks, you are astonished how one so beautiful can be so perfectly unconscious of possessing a single charm."

"You are certainly determined, Harry, to prove of what materials I am made. You have no idea how jealous you make me, by bestowing such unqualified praise on another;" said his wife with a smile that contradicted her own assertions; "so I think you had better change your subject."

"Well then, for the sake of peace;" returned the husband, laughing, "I will proceed, as I at first intended, to enumerate the rest of the beaux. In the first place, then, Lionel Krugar, of course would be found in the orbit of the planet round which he always revolves, to talk of the pretty toys he has made, and the elegant dresses seen in his morning rambles."

"Do you not think he has a great deal of talent?" inquired Miss Gyrston.

"He has considerable mechanical genius," replied the gentleman, "and if he had not had the misfortune to be born to a large fortune, he might have distinguished himself, perhaps, as an engineer, a cabinet maker, or a wheel-right, the lowest of which occupations would have been a more honorable distinction, than any thing that now occupies his mind. He neither reads nor thinks, so that he neither enlarges his mind nor cultivates his taste."

"You have a very different opinion of him, from what Miss Louisa Melville has," said Miss Gyrston, "for the other day, when we were disputing about the colors of some dresses that she was looking at, she said she would wait and ask Lionel's opinion, for he had so much taste."

"Such taste as often distinguishes a milliner, and makes her fortune, it is possible he may boast of," returned the gentleman; and then convinced that no explanation that he could enter into, would make him intelligible to the lady, he proceeded. "The best that can be said of him, is, that he has no vicious propensities; and, as happily for him, he attached himself very early to Louisa; he has naturally derived a little more power of thinking from her, than he would ever have acquired by any efforts of his own."

"I have always thought they were even engaged," rejoined Miss Gyrston; "indeed, he evidently wishes people to think so, by the manner he often talks to her."

"And no doubt wishes to think so himself, but he knows perfectly well, that he would not be allowed to be so constantly with her, if there was not a clear understanding between them, that her feelings towards him, are only those of a sister."

"And does the same understanding exist between her sister and the elder Mr. Krugar?"

"That I cannot answer for," replied Mr. Fairpoint. "They are both very reserved, and I suspect the truth of the matter is, that they neither of them know how matters stand between them; for though they have been near neighbors and companions since they were children; they never yet seem to have overcome their natural reserve towards each other."

Here the entrance of the waiter to remove the tea things, caused an interruption in the conversation, and Miss Gyrston having left the room, Mr. Fairpoint, the moment he was alone with his wife, exclaimed, "What in the world, Caroline, made you take such a fancy to that young lady, as to induce you to invite her to visit you?"

"Well! you know, when you were obliged to leave me alone at Long Branch, and little Harry took sick, I was in a very forlorn and miserable situation; and Miss Gyrston, who had been introduced to me by some ladies to whose party she belonged, paid me a great deal of attention; besides, Harry took a great fancy to her, and would allow her to do things for him that he would not permit any one else, but myself to do; and that you know is a sure way to a mother's heart. I, therefore, felt myself under great obligations to her, and as she expressed a great desire to see Philadelphia, and I knew that I was only going home to see you pack off on your long journey, I proposed to her that she should return with me; which she very readily agreed to."

"This is a very natural way of accounting for the thing, certainly, said the husband; but I cannot help feeling sorry that the elegant and intelligent Mrs. Fairpoint, should have to introduce to

her friends, one who is so little calculated to do credit to her taste and judgment."

"Oh! you judge of her rather too severely, Harry, remonstrated the wife; for I believe she will pass off pretty fairly among the generality of young ladies. She has not much cultivation of mind, it is true; but she is rather pretty; she dances well, sings a little, plays on the guitar a little, and speaks French a very, a very little; and—"

"And has a very vulgar mind," interrupted the husband. "I have seen many a woman who could neither read nor write, who had more delicacy of mind and refinement of feeling than she has with all her *little* accomplishments. And how you could ever have put it into her head that Alfred Dhuring, was an admirer of hers, is perfectly astonishing!"

"Indeed, Harry, he was very attentive to her; he often brought her books, and New York newspapers, and such things."

"Any thing that he thought would assist you in the business of entertaining her; for that is consistent with his character; but that Alfred Dhuring should admire such a woman, is an anomaly in nature that cannot be conceived."

In the course of the evening several of those friends of whom they had been speaking, came to welcome Mr. Fairpoint back to his family circle, and for some time the conversation was general and lively, till at length Cecilia Melville, who always courted an invitation to sing, went to the instrument, delighted at all times to have an opportunity of displaying the powers of her voice, of which she was exceedingly proud, without being conscious that it was much more remarkable for its strength than its melody. Louisa was seated beside the centre table, and was turning some music over carelessly, when Alfred Dhuring came up to her and seated himself on a chair that was near her. "How do you like that song?" said he in a sort of suppressed voice, to avoid disturbing the singer.

"Not at all," answered Louisa.

"Indeed! why not? I have always thought it very pretty."

"I do not like it, because it does not mean any thing."

"It appears to me to mean a great deal. To those who know any thing of love, its language cannot but be thought very expressive and natural," said Alfred, with warmth.

"Then remember," said Louisa, smiling, "you prove the truth of my assertion by your own argument, for the lady, (I suppose it to be a lady that is speaking, as the words are too inconsistent to be a gentleman's,) begins by saying, 'I do not love thee! no! I do not love thee!' and then she

goes on to express feelings, that are only expressive of love of the most ardent kind; and, therefore, as we are not to understand it to be love, you must admit that it does not mean any thing."

"There are lips," said Alfred, and, as he spoke, he fixed his eyes expressively on the face of her whom he addressed, "from which it would make me most happy to hear such language."

"Perhaps so," said Louisa, without seeming to notice his manner; "but suppose, for an instant, that you heard your wife using such language to another. How do you think you would like it; even though she did preface her harangue with, 'I do not love thee?'"

"Not at all! But that preface, is only meant, I presume, as a cloak for her modesty."

"As a cloak for vice, I would rather say. It is a subterfuge, and every thing of the kind is bad. There is less danger to be apprehended from an openly expressed vice, than from one veiled in a specious garb; for many minds that would start at open vice, have not discrimination enough to detect it under its concealment."

"Why Lui! you are quite serious this evening. I scarcely ever heard you make so serious a speech before," said Lionel Krugar, who had joined them just as Louisa last began to speak.

"You never gave me a chance of being serious with you," returned the lovely girl, "for you keep me constantly laughing, either *at* you or *with* you."

"Well! so be it! I would rather hear you laugh, even though you laughed at myself, than have you begin to preach. But come! I am sent to ask you to sing. So allow me to lead you to the piano."

"What shall I sing?" asked she, as she took her seat at the instrument, whither she was followed by Alfred. "Will you have this?" she added, taking up the song of "Then I'll not love thee."

"Oh! no! not that," cried Alfred, earnestly, "I could not bear to hear that from your lips." A deep blush suffused Louisa's cheek, and she struck the instrument with an unsteady hand; but it was only for an instant; and the next moment she began to sing Mrs. Hemans's beautiful invocation to sleep, with great sweetness and feeling. Alfred hung upon her strains with delight, for though she did not pretend to be what is called a singer; she had an exceedingly sweet voice, and to those who preferred pathos to execution, her singing was listened to with much more pleasure than that of her cousin. Song after song was asked for by the two young men, till she at length started up and declared she had sung herself hoarse. Miss Gyrston was then called upon by the mistress of the house, and that

young lady took up her guitar, but she was ill prepared to give effect to her music, had her powers even been greater than they really were, for her mind was soured and mortified, by seeing Louisa engross the attention of Alfred Dhuring so entirely, and her voice become husky and her touch so feeble that her accompaniment could scarcely be heard; which Lionel afterwards declared, was exceedingly fortunate, as she seldom happened to strike the right string.

"What are you three cogitating there?" asked Mr. Fairpoint, as soon as his guest had finished her song, and desirous by making the conversation general, to prevent any invitations for her to continue her music. "You appear to be discussing something very momentous."

"We are talking about a bachelor's ball on a small scale, that we are going to give," answered Lionel. "It is rather early in the season, but as Dhuring will be off to New Orleans before the proper time comes, we shall anticipate it a little. Lydia and Lui were both prevented by sickness from going to the public ball, last winter, so we are going to give a private one, to make up to them for the loss."

"Well! let us hear some of your arrangements," said the master of the house. "When and where is it to be?"

"Some time next week," replied Alfred; "but the where, we have not yet determined upon. The public ball rooms are all too large, and we cannot, at present, remember a smaller room that would be suitable."

"What do you say to my letting you have the use of my parlors?" asked Mrs. Fearing.

"Oh! that would do exactly," cried the two young men at the same instant. "We have already," continued Alfred, "determined to request you and Mrs. Melville and Mrs. Fairpoint to be the lady patronesses."

"But, under Mrs. Fearing's own roof it will need no other patronage than her own," said Mrs. Melville, "and I have no skill in such things."

"And I am rather too young to take such a dignity upon myself," added Mrs. Fairpoint. "So we will leave Mrs. Fearing to the undisputed honor."

"Well! I will take it all," said Mrs. Fearing, good-naturedly, "so now go on with your arrangements."

These served for subjects of conversation for the rest of the evening, and the party at last took leave, each highly delighted with the anticipated pleasure.

"You all seem to think Louisa Melville, extremely artless," said Miss Gyrston, when the guests were gone, and she and Mrs. Fairpoint were left alone; "but, for my part, I have seldom

seen a young lady with less of the artlessness you give her credit for, than she has. Did you see how she fidgetted about till she got Mr. Dhuring drawn to her?"

"I saw her go to the piano with Cecilia," replied Mrs. Fairpoint, "and then, after standing beside her for a considerable time, she went and sat down, but I did not see any appearance of contrivance or art about what she did. She was evidently tired with standing and took the seat that was nearest to her."

"Where she was very sure some of the gentlemen, when they saw her sitting alone, would soon come to her."

"Louisa is so much admired and courted by the gentlemen generally, that there seems to be no need of her using any contrivance to draw forth their attention. If she thought about it at all, which I do not believe she did, she would have been sure she would soon have as many about her as she wished."

"But, perhaps, she might not have got Mr. Dhuring so soon, if she had not tried for it."

As Miss Gyrston said this, her hostess recollected that Alfred had been sitting talking to that young lady, and had risen soon after Louisa had seated herself by the table, and gone to her. This at once accounted to her for the remarks her guest had made, as well as for the change of countenance that she had before observed, but for which she had not before been able to account. Convinced that nothing that she could say, would have power to drive away the demon of jealousy, she forbore from any further remark, but lighted the chamber candles.

"She shall suffer for this," said Miss Gyrston, as she laid her head upon the pillow; "or it will not be my fault."

The next morning, on sitting down to the breakfast table, Mrs. Fairpoint observed that the clouds of the previous evening still hung over the countenance of her visitor; but scarcely had she made the remark to herself, when the door bell rang, and the next moment Alfred was in the room.

"I called, Fairpoint," said he, after making his salutations to the ladies; "thinking that you might, perhaps, be tired and not disposed to go down the street so early, to know if I could do any thing for you."

Mrs. Fairpoint cast her eyes across the table, and saw Miss Gyrston's face brightened with smiles, and her eyes sparkling with pleasure, which increased every moment, when Alfred taking a seat by her side, began to talk to her about the intended ball. Mr. Fairpoint had returned, and yet her morning visits were not discontinued. Mrs. Fairpoint had said, he never before had been in the habit of making them;

what then was it that brought him? Mr. Fairpoint said it was a wish to oblige; that might be; but was it not himself that he was trying to oblige? And would he have made the same obliging visits, if the Fairpoints had been alone? These were questions, that vanity or self-love, or some such feeling did not hesitate to answer in a satisfactory manner, and the young lady was all smiles and good humor the rest of the day.

The next morning, and the morning after that, and for several succeeding ones, Alfred still continued to pay his usual visit at Mr. Fairpoint's, generally on the plea of making inquiries of the ladies, respecting some of the arrangements for the ball, as he was on the committee of management. But Miss Gyrston, cared not on what pretended business he came; he still continued to take his seat by her side, and talked and laughed, and made himself so agreeable that she was generally in good spirits the whole day after. It is true, she often heard of his spending his evenings at Mrs. Melville's, or somewhere else in company with Louisa; but then, she had herself, on those evenings, generally, been out paying visits with Mr. and Mrs. Fairpoint, so that he could not, however much he had wished it, have spent that time with her; and as long as he continued to make use of the time when they were sure of having a snug chat together, she was satisfied, or at least tried to think she was so, though she often found herself sighing and saying; "If that Louisa was but out of the way, I should feel sure of him; and what an establishment it would be! I must try and get quit of her as a rival, some how or other!"

"What dress do you intend to wear, to-morrow night, Lui?" asked Lionel, the evening previous to the ball, with the familiarity that their intimacy from childhood warranted.

"I shall wear my white satin," answered Louisa.

"Oh! no! you must not wear white, Louisa! You never look so well in white, as in colors. Wear that blue dress, that I said the other day you looked so well in. I never saw you look so well in any thing, as you do in that."

"No! Lydia is going to wear her white satin."

"Oh! no matter about your being dressed alike; everybody knows that you each have a blue, and each a white dress; so that there is no danger of your being suspected of borrowing of one another."

"That is a capital reason, certainly," cried Louisa, laughing, "and one that I never thought of before; and to do away with all danger of being certainly supposed to have borrowed of Lydia, I shall wear my white dress."

"Dhuring," said Lionel, as Alfred, at that

moment entered the room, "let us have your opinion; whether do you vote for Louisa wearing a white, or a blue dress to-morrow night? Now, speak out and let us have your candid opinion."

"I always think, Louisa looks best in the dress I see her in at the moment, and therefore say white," replied Alfred. Louisa was dressed in white at the time he spoke.

"Now deuse take it! That is too bad; I am afraid now that the white will conquer!"

"I dare not flatter myself that my vote will have much weight in the scale; however happy it would make me to think so. I will not ask you, he continued, in a suppressed voice, as he bent over the table at which Louisa sat, and pretended to be looking at some pictures on it, whether it has any influence, but shall wait anxiously to see the result."

This was an unfortunate speech: to dress according to her first intention would be construed by him into a wish to please him, and, however she might feel the wish in her heart, to testify it under the present circumstances, was out of the question; and she sat for some moments silent and thoughtful. Alfred had never made any open avowal of his sentiments, though, as far as the language of looks and unremitting attention went, she could not pretend to be ignorant of them. There was a frankness and ingenuousness about his behaviour to her, that seemed almost to disdain concealment; nay, as far as he could do so, without offending her delicacy, he appeared even to wish that every one should know his devotion to her. But though open and undisguised with regard to his own sentiments towards Louisa, Alfred was perfectly unassuming with respect to her feelings towards him; and a dread of not having gained sufficient interest in her affections to induce her to favor his suit, still held him back from an open acknowledgment of his wishes. Louisa thought she saw all this, but her delicacy revolted from the idea of doing any thing that could be interpreted as an encouragement to advance, though her heart had long told her that to receive his faith and plight her own would make her infinitely happy. These ideas passed through her mind in a much shorter time than it has taken us to express them, and very soon recollecting that her silence and abstraction would excite attention, Louisa roused herself from her reverie and joined in the general conversation, with her usual cheerfulness. The ball of course was the only subject that could be thought or spoken of, and all agreed that if reality gave as much pleasure as the anticipation had done, they would all be perfectly satisfied."

"But Dhuring," said Lionel, as if suddenly

recollecting himself, "there is still some things to be done. You know what we were talking about this afternoon; that has still to be looked to, and as you are on the committee of management, you had better go and see after it."

"I thought you undertook to do that yourself," said Alfred.

"So I did," replied the other; "but my dear fellow, I am so very agreeably situated at present, that I cannot think of leaving."

"That is precisely the case with myself," returned Dhuring, laughing, "and, as you took the matter in hand, you are certainly the fittest person to go."

"Then suppose we go together," said Lionel, rising as he spoke. "It is past ten o'clock, the proper Philadelphia hour for shutting up; so that I dare say Mrs. Melville thinks it is high time for us to be off. I hope, however," he continued pulling himself up with an air of consequence, "the next ball that is given I shall be among the invited, instead of the inviters. Then instead of having to run after waiters, ice creams, and such things, I shall enter the ball room with my wife hanging on my arm;" and, as he said this, he drew Louisa's arm within his, and actually obliged her to accompany him as he paraded across the room.

"Lionel! do have done with this nonsense!" said she, disengaging herself from him as soon as she could; yet unable to avoid laughing with the others, at the comic air of importance which he assumed; "I really am tired of it."

"Well! my dear!" he continued, still acting the consequential married man, "as you desire it, I will drop the subject for the present. Indeed, it is not very becoming for a man who is talking of having his wife by his side, to set himself up to be laughed at. But remember, that in the same way that I give up to your wishes, I expect you to comply with mine, and, therefore, shall calculate upon seeing the blue satin dress to-morrow night. So adieu, *ma chere*," he added, and bowing a good night to the others, he left the room, and was immediately followed by Alfred Dhuring.

The night of the ball came, the rooms were beautifully ornamented, and brilliantly lighted; the night, though so early in the season, was remarkably favorable, for the air was cool, clear and elastic. The lady patroness looked beautiful and was all animation. Every thing seemed to combine to promise a delightful evening, with the exception of one only circumstance. Alfred Dhuring the promoter and the chief stay of the entertainment, was the picture of sadness and melancholy, and seemed to move about the room, and to perform his various duties, rather as an

automaton than a sentient being. As the various parties arrived he was ready with the other master of the ceremonies to receive them, and conduct them to the lady patroness, but the grace, the animation, with which he in general performed such offices, was no longer there, and he moved about as if scarcely conscious of what he was doing. Even when Mrs. Melville entered the room, with a beautiful daughter on each arm, herself possessing scarcely less beauty, though of a more mature description, no brightening of Albert's eye was visible. He saw that Louisa wore the much talked of blue dress, and just remarked to himself that she could not have looked more lovely, had her dress been of any other color, and then the whole thing was forgotten; and he stood for an instant, with his mind absorbed in some painful idea, but immediately recollecting himself, he turned with the intention of offering his arm to one of the ladies, but they were already half way up the room; Mrs. Melville and Lydia, conducted by the elder Krugar, and Louisa holding the arm of Lionel. With one spring he was at Mrs. Melville's side, and solicited the honor of leading her up to Mrs. Fearing, and then these formalities being over, he turned and asked Louisa for the favor of her hand for the first set. It was, however, already promised to Lionel; and he made no attempt to secure it for the second, nor, indeed, did he ask her again during the whole evening. Louisa at first felt disappointed, but observing in the course of the night that he never danced with any lady more than once, she satisfied herself that he had, according to the strict rules of good breeding, determined to avoid all particular attentions, as he might consider all as his guests, and she only admired him the more for it.

"What the plague, can be the matter with Dhuring?" said Lionel, as he stood by Louisa's side. "He looks as if he were to be hanged to-morrow, and was studying his last dying speech."

"He does not look like himself, indeed," returned his partner.

"Like himself! no! nor like anybody else; and yet when one questions him, he does not even give one the satisfaction of hearing him say he is sick. When I parted from him last night, he was full of spirits, and we had a dispute about which of us would manage to be the first to engage you to dance; he making me promise not to use any unfair means, but to wait till you were in the room, before I asked you. But though he had the best chance, for he was nearer to you than I was, when you came in, he stood like a post and never even offered you his arm."

"His mind was occupied with something of more importance, no doubt; and I am afraid it is,

at the same time, something not very pleasant," said Louisa, with a look of anxiety, that she tried in vain to conceal.

"I hope nothing has gone wrong about his business; for though he does some times plague me by occupying your attention when I would rather engage it myself, I like the fellow exceedingly, and should be sorry for him to get into any trouble."

"He certainly has an uncommonly kind and generous heart. Do you see how he is dancing there with Miss Gyrston, and trying to make himself agreeable, just out of compliment to Mrs. Fairpoint, for I know he dislikes her; but he says he pities Mrs. Fairpoint, for having to entertain any one so uninteresting, and tries to help her as much as he can. I cannot tell what Miss Gyrston will do when he goes, and he talks of being off for New Orleans to-morrow."

Louisa gave a slight start, and her heart beat so violently, that she was almost afraid that Lionel would hear it knock against her side. She was saved, however, from any further remark, by its being her turn to dance. From this moment, Alfred was far from being the only person for whom the amusements of the evening ceased to have a charm. Louisa, almost for the first time in her life, felt anxious and unhappy. She tried to persuade herself that it was only an apprehension of his having met with some heavy losses in business that she felt, but a something whispered within that it was not his loss of money, but of honor that she feared. It was true he had never actually spoken to her of love, and consequently, whatever his future conduct might be, he could not be accused of breaking any promise or doing violence to any engagement; but there was a language as explicit as that of words, and to an honorable mind equally binding, and to disregard which would prove him to be a stranger to all the finer feelings of the heart.

It may easily be believed, that, during the rest of the evening, Louisa had very little enjoyment in the entertainment of which she was partaking; she danced, it is true, almost constantly, but happily the fashion of dancing was of that inanimate kind, that it required little more than a walk through the figures; and though she had partners, to whom she was of course obliged to talk, it was in general that sort of conversation that required no effort of mind, and she passed through the business without appearing to the generality of observers to be deficient in any of the requisites for the occasion. But, not so with her tender and watchful mother. She saw that Louisa had none of her usual animation; she even thought she saw a shade of melancholy in her

countenance, and she felt anxious and uneasy. As soon, therefore, as the rooms began to empty, she proposed their going home, a proposal that was very readily agreed to by both her daughters, for Lydia, whose health was exceedingly delicate, was fatigued; and Louisa longed to be at home and alone. When they came out of the dressing room into the entry, they found Alfred waiting for them.

"I could not bear," said he, addressing Louisa, "to let you go with merely a ball room good night, when the probability is that it will be long before I have the pleasure of seeing you again."

Louisa felt that it was necessary for her to make a strong effort, to avoid betraying her feelings. She made the effort therefore, and said with apparent composure:

"You are going much earlier than you had calculated upon."

"A month sooner at least; but I received some intelligence this morning that has made it necessary for me to be off immediately, and therefore, I shall in all probability be many miles from Philadelphia before you raise your head from your pillow, to-morrow morning."

"Do you expect to stay long?" she asked, still speaking with apparent composure.

"Long enough for many important changes to take place before my return," he replied, in a voice of great agitation; "but whatever may happen, I pray to God that you may be happy." As he spoke he took her hand and pressing it, breathed a scarcely articulate "God bless you!" and turning to her mother and sister, had just time to bid them good bye, when Lionel came to say the carriage was now at the door. Louisa threw herself into a corner of the carriage, that the glare of the gas lights might not betray her agitation, and drawing her hood close over her face, and wrapping her cloak about her, she indulged in the luxury of allowing the tears to roll without restraint down her cheeks. Thus ended this long anticipated ball, and thus Louisa thought, had terminated all her hopes of happiness in this world. For her young and unexperienced heart, that had never before tasted of sorrow, imagined that it was impossible it could ever again partake of happiness. "Whatever may be his motives for acting as he has done," thought she, "he must at least be exonerated from the charge of being a cold and deliberate designer. His agitation was too great, to be either feigned or misunderstood, and though he is evidently gone without having any intention of ever trying to make me more to him than I am at present, it is plain to see that he is not less wretched than myself."

On arriving at home, she pleaded a bad head-

ache, and retired to her chamber, there to indulge in an unrestrained flood of tears; for Lydia, in consequence of being subject to sudden attacks of sickness, always slept in her mother's room, so that the poor girl had no fear of disturbing any one, and, therefore, gave vent to her feelings without any attempt at controlling them. And perhaps it was the best thing for her that she could have done; for to the young, at least, a copious flood of tears is a never failing relief, and generally leads to the soothing balm of sleep. And such was its effect on Louisa, who soon lost in forgetfulness the sense of the heavy load that weighed on her young and innocent heart. But Louisa was far from being the only one who returned from the ball uneasy and low spirited. Mr. Fairpoint, who generally was full of remark and joke about the things and persons with which he had met, sat down on this night by the fire-side, and placing his feet on the fender, remained silent and thoughtful, while his wife and her visitor were making their comments on the various persons with whom they had met. Mrs. Fairpoint noticed this unusual silence and gloom of her husband with considerable anxiety, and the moment Miss Gyrston had retired, she went to him and throwing her arm affectionately round his neck, said, "My dear Harry, what is it that makes you so gloomy to-night?"

"I will tell you Caroline, now that that girl is gone, but I did not like to say any thing while she was by, that was likely to furnish subject for her empty gossip. But the fact is, I am very uneasy about Dhuring. Something, I am persuaded, of a very serious nature, has occurred to him, and contrary to his usual habits I cannot draw it out of him for the life of me."

"He did, indeed, look very absent and unhappy, I hope nothing has gone wrong in his business."

"No! It is not that, I am sure, for he has left several commissions with me that prove that all is right enough there."

"Can Louisa have given him an unfavorable answer, do you suppose?" asked the lady.

"No! It is not that either; for I asked him if his fair one had been cruel, but he said he had never yet tried any fair one in his life, and he believed he never should."

"Then I am sure he has not acted an honorable part towards Louisa," said Mrs. Fairpoint, indignantly, "for if I ever saw any one try to engage the affections of another, he has used every means to gain hers."

"And succeeded in the effort, there can be no doubt," returned the husband. "But if I could possibly imagine that he did so, merely to gratify his vanity; if I could believe him so base as to lay himself out to win that lovely creature's

heart, only for the sake of throwing it away afterwards, I declare, I could assume the character of a brother myself and call him to an account for his heartlessness and cruelty;" and as he spoke, he ground his teeth, and clenched his fist with irritation at the thought.

"Oh! stop! Harry!" said his wife, playfully, for she could not bear to see him work himself up into such an agitation, merely on a very improbable supposition, "and think

——whither thou wouldst run,
Ah! too unmindful of thy wife and son,
And think'st thou not how wretched we should be,
A widow I, a helpless orphan he!

But seriously Harry, I do not believe Alfred Dhuring would do any thing dishonorable; and am persuaded that he has good and substantial reasons, for the course he is pursuing."

"I cannot suppose it otherwise," returned he, softened down by his wife's gentleness. "Indeed if I had to doubt Alfred's honor, I should cease to believe in that of any human being. There is something about this business, however, that I cannot penetrate, but which I will never rest till I find out. And so let us go now and sleep upon it."

In the mean time, poor Louisa, exhausted with the excess of her agitation, slept soundly till a pretty late hour the next morning, and when she awoke though still conscious of a heavy load at her heart, she had recovered the command of her nerves of which she had been so completely deprived the night before; and dressing herself as quickly as possible she hastened down stairs, surprised that she had not already had a summons from her mother to breakfast.

Accustomed at all times to keep her feelings under control, Louisa studiously avoided, in this instance, giving any expression to them that could give alarm to her mother and sister, the intensity of whose anxiety about her should they get any insight into the state of her mind, she well knew; and she knew also that the extreme delicacy of Lydia's health and spirits was such as to make her little able to contend with uneasiness of any kind. When, therefore, her mother questioned her about Dhuring's arrangements, and inquired whether he had given her any explanation of his intentions, she not only disclaimed any knowledge on the subject, but managed to do it with such a tone and appearance of indifference, as led both parent and sister to conclude, that she was either less interested in the young man's proceedings than they had imagined, or that her spirit was so much roused by his ungenerous conduct, as to make her pride a shield that would protect her from the sufferings that they had apprehended for

her. This, however, was far from being the real state of Louisa's mind. She blamed herself for the weakness of having so easily yielded her affections, and anxiously strove to exonerate Dhuring from any blame on the subject; and though her own sense of honor would frequently obtrude the conviction, that his attentions and unequivocal demonstrations of attachment, had been such as no man could be justified in showing, unless his intentions were serious, she immediately banished the idea, for she felt that it was less painful to her, to accuse herself of too great credulity than to believe that Alfred Dhuring was any thing but the frank, open, generous character she had hitherto believed him to be.

But it is not to be supposed that this perpetual internal conflict could exist without leaving its traces behind, and Louisa's faded cheek and beamless eye soon began to excite the alarm of her fondly admiring friends, and to excite her mother's mind to a state of the most painful anxiety. "My child has received a blight," said she one evening to Mr. and Mrs. Fairpoint, as they sat beside her, while Louisa and Lydia had left the room for a short time. "She has had a shock that I see, in spite of all her anxiety to conceal it, is breaking her down." Mr. Fairpoint started up and paced the room with an agitated and hurried step, while his wife tenderly endeavoured to sooth and comfort the anxious mother.

"Louisa certainly does not look well at present," said she, "and one of our motives for coming here this evening, was to suggest to you, what Harry and I have both been thinking of, which is, that a complete change of scene would be the best medicine that could be administered to her."

"I have little doubt that it would be serviceable," returned Mrs. Melville; "but the time of year is so unfavorable for traveling."

"Not to go to visit her Cuba friends," said Mrs. Fairpoint; "and we well know how delighted they would be at receiving a visit from her."

This was a happy suggestion, and Louisa and Lydia happening to enter the room at the moment, the proposal was immediately made to the former; and after some persuasions she consented that her mother should write to their friends, to announce her intention of paying them a visit, and Mr. Fairpoint undertook to make inquiries for some suitable companion for the voyage.

"But I would far rather remain at home with you and Lydia, dear mamma," said the affectionate girl, who already began to repent of the consent that she had accorded; "I never can be half so happy any where as I am at home."

"But an occasional change is necessary for

every body, Louisa," remonstrated Mr. Fairpoint, "and your absence will only be short."

"I hope so indeed," said Lionel, who had entered the room almost without being noticed, and heard the plan that was in agitation, "for indeed I cannot tell how I am to spare my little wife even for a week."

"Lionel!" said Lydia, "I do wish you would give up that foolish way of talking; you have really got so into the habit of it, that I believe you sometimes almost make people think you are serious. I wonder Louisa will let you go on talking in such a style!"

"My not caring for it is one of the best proofs I can give of its being only nonsense," said Louisa.

"Well! I can tell you it has not always had that effect," returned Lydia. "I have frequently seen people at a loss to know how to take it; Miss Gyrston, for instance, one day was almost convinced, I believe that you were both in earnest. Indeed if I had not been in the way to assure her it was all joke, I am persuaded she would have gone away and published that you were engaged."

"When was that Lydia?" asked Mr. Fairpoint, stopping suddenly in the middle of the room which he was still pacing. "It must surely have been very soon after she came, for before she went away she had heard too much of Lionel's nonsense not to understand it."

"You are all exceedingly complimentary to me, ladies and gentlemen," said Lionel, with an air of mock gravity, and pulling up his collar and trying to look very important. "And when was this, my dear complimentary sister that is to be, that you not only say that I talked nonsense, but tried to involve my better half in the same libellous aspersion?"

"Only a day or two before Miss Gyrston left."

"Can you remember the exact day?" inquired Mr. Fairpoint.

"I believe Mr. Fairpoint is going to enter a suit against you, Lydia, for a libel upon my character," said Krugar.

"Try if you can remember the exact day, that she pretended to be so credulous."

"I know it perfectly," returned Lydia. "It was the morning before the ball. She had come here to help me to put some trimmings on my dress, and she and I were in the workroom there together, and as she spoke, she pointed to a door, which led to a small back room, that the girls were in the habit of sitting to work in; when Louisa and Lionel came into this room together, for Louisa had been out and Lionel had come home with her; and they went on with a conversation which they had evidently been engaged in before they came into the room; pretending that they were going to be married very soon, but

that they would not say any thing about it until after the ball, and then they would come out with it and astonish every body, and all such nonsense as that."

"There again!" interrupted Lionel, still pretending to be much offended.

"I declare, I got tired of it at last," continued Lydia, "and so vexed at Louisa for keeping him up in such a way of talking that I was for coming into the room and telling them to hush! but Mrs. Gyrston would not let me; and though I told her it was all joke, she seemed hardly to believe it. So I do wish, Lionel, you would drop it at once."

"On the contrary, my dear Lydia," said the young man to whom the earnestness of Lydia's manner was great amusement; "when Louisa is gone I will pretend to pay my addresses to yourself."

"Well, Caddy," said Mr. Fairpoint, "I believe we must leave these two to fight their battles out at their leisure;" and he and his wife took their departure.

The following morning Louisa received a note from Mrs. Fairpoint, saying that Mr. Fairpoint on going to the counting house had found it was necessary for him to go to New York; which he had done without even coming home first, and that he had desired, in the note that he sent up to inform her of his proceedings, that she would tell Louisa where he was gone, and that he intended, when in New York, to endeavor to find a suitable party that she could join, to go to Cuba, and therefore, wished her to keep herself in readiness. He returned, however, without having found any company to whom he could think of entrusting his young friend, and several weeks passed over without his being any more fortunate. At length, however, the alarm excited at the constantly increasing change in Louisa's appearance, became so great that he declared if no proper company was found within a few days, that he and Caroline would take her themselves. Louisa thanked him with a sweet though languid smile for his kindness, but felt persuaded that the disease that was preying upon her was beyond the reach of any medicine that could be administered. At length, however, he succeeded in his endeavors to the satisfaction both of himself and Mrs. Melville. The day of her departure was fixed for the following morning, and such a succession of her friends came in the evening to bid her good bye, that she was at length so worn out with the exertion she had made, that Mr. and Mrs. Fairpoint, who had been with her but for a few minutes, rose to take leave.

"We will not detain you dear Louisa;" said the lady, "for I know what need you have of rest;

but I could not think of letting you go without coming to say, 'God bless you.' And as she spoke she threw her arms around the neck of the lovely girl and kissed her fervently.

At this moment the door bell again rang.

"I had hoped that we would be the last," said she; "for you are nearly exhausted."

Louisa and she both turned as the parlor door opened, and to their infinite astonishment beheld Alfred Dhuring.

A start, and a very faint exclamation escaped Louisa, who finding that her limbs refused to support her weight, sunk quietly into the chair from which she had just risen to take leave of her friends.

"My dear fellow!" cried Mr. Fairpoint, seizing Dhuring's hand and anxious to draw off the attention of those around, from the trembling girl; "I am most happy to see you! When did you leave New Orleans?"

"Only as short a time ago, as would allow me with most rapid traveling to get here;" returned the other.

"Had you received a letter from me before you left?"

"It was that which brought me; I had no thought of coming before I received it, which was not above a half an hour before I started:" and as he spoke, Alfred for the first time, ventured to turn his eyes towards Louisa. She had by this time recovered her composure and presence of mind, and Mr. Fairpoint perceiving that this was the case said; "we were on our feet to go when you entered, and shall therefore leave you for the present, but I shall expect you to take up your lodging at our house to night."

They, then, after repeating their good by to Louisa, left the room, accompanied by Mrs. Melville, who received a hint from the gentlemen not to be in too great haste to return to it.

But as we are afraid there is danger of our favorite Alfred suffering in the minds of our readers, from the charge of fickleness, we will before we go any further, give a transcript of the letter referred to by Mr. Fairpoint.

MY DEAR DHURING:—Your sudden departure from this city, has given me more uneasiness, and anxiety than any thing I have met with for several years. As I could not, however, believe you capable of acting as you have done, without some good reason for your conduct, I made a vow never to rest until I had found it out. But had, I confess nearly given it up in despair, when by accident I learnt from Lydia Melville, the night before last, that Miss Gyrston had overheard a conversation between Louisa and Krugar, which she pretended to believe was serious. A thought instantly struck me, and after lying pondering it over for a great part of the night, I at last come

to the determination to go New York and try if I could not get at the truth of the matter. I did not mention my intention to my wife, lest she should object to it, from a fear that I might run myself into some scrape; but merely sent her a note from the counting house to tell her I was going on business. On arriving at New York, I found Miss Gyrston had established herself in a large boarding house, in which were several gentlemen with whom I was well acquainted, from whom I learnt that the lady had made a set, and apparently not an unsuccessful one, at one of the boarders. This was well, and consequently so armed I went and requested a private audience of the lady, which as she had been so long a resident in my house I felt myself authorised to do. I will not trouble you with the preliminaries; suffice it to say that I charged her point blank with having deceived you by telling you, the morning of the day on which the ball was to take place; that she knew positively that an engagement had taken place between Louisa Melville and Lionel Krugar, and having assured you that she had actually heard from Louisa, that the engagement was to be made known to their friends as soon as the ball was over; and then informed her that I had come to New York on purpose to get from her a written acknowledgment of the truth of this statement. I will not pretend to detail all the insolent and impertinent things she said while disclaiming my charge; but as I became every moment more certain that I had got at the truth, I told her very coolly, that if she gave me the acknowledgment I desired, the thing should be hushed up and no more would be heard of it; but if on the contrary, she refused it, she should be exposed and disgraced throughout the whole city. "And where is the evidence on which you think to destroy my character?" she asked with a look of great daring and hardihood. "I believe," I replied, "that my bare assertion would be sufficient for almost any one in this city; but if that would not do, where is the man who would presume to question Alfred Dhuring's word? Ask any gentleman in this house if he could doubt it." This had the desired effect, and she asked in an impatient tone, what it was I desired her to do. I told her she was to declare solemnly, that what she told you, as having heard from Louisa Melville, had only been overheard in a conversation between her and Lionel Krugar, and which she knew at the time, was only said in jest, though it had been made use of by her for the purpose of separating you and Louisa; as she could not bear the idea of that young lady's succeeding in getting you, after she had herself failed. She took up a pen for the purpose of writing what I required, but I soon found her too illiterate to be able to express herself on paper. I therefore took the pen from her and wrote the confession, and gave it to her to sign, which she did, reminding me at the same time of my promise of secrecy. I repeated my promise but could not forbear from saying, when I did so: "has no compunction of conscience ever visited you, for having thus destroyed the happiness of two excellent young persons by a base, unfeeling falsehood?"

"It was no falsehood," she replied, "I said nothing that I had not actually heard."

"And in this way much misery is often caused, by such as yourself who have no objection to do wrong,

as long as they can cloak their conscience with a mean and contemptible subterfuge."

I enclose the paper that I procured from her, and have now only left myself room to say that I leave the rest to yourself to act upon as you think proper.

Yours, faithfully,
HENRY FAIRPOINT.

"And now dearest," said Alfred, as Louisa finished reading the above letter and its enclosure, "tell me if I am not exonerated from the charge of fickleness?"

"You have cleared yourself from that suspicion," returned Louisa, looking at him with one of her sweetest smiles, "only to incur the charge of extreme credulity. For what man in his senses would ever have given credit to such a tale?"

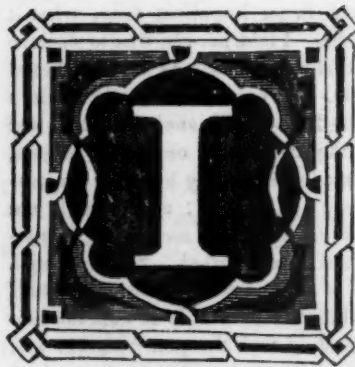
"I am very willing to acknowledge my folly," said the young man, seizing her hand as he spoke and pressing it to his lips; "providing you will promise to forgive."

"You must apply to mamma for your forgiveness," said Louisa, withdrawing her hand, as her mother entered the room, and quitting it herself at the same moment with an elasticity of step that had long been unknown to her. Whether Mrs. Melville granted the required pardon, and whether Louisa ever went to fulfil her engagement at Havana, we leave to the ingenuity of our readers to discover. But what of Lionel? we think we hear asked, and to those to whom Lion-

nel's generous and affectionate heart, made up for the want of other qualities, we would say, that his volatile disposition soon overcame the entire destruction of those hopes in which, in spite of every discouragement he had indulged; and he had just made up his mind to put the threat he once made to Lydia into execution, when he found his brother had at length mustered up courage to speak, and had already secured the prize. Lionel, however, had always declared that he would by some means or other, be allied to the Melville family, and therefore as Lydia and Louisa were now both out of the question, he had no other resource than to turn to their cousin Cecilia. Here he was more fortunate and as Cecilia, though ambitious, had too much good sense not to treat with respect the husband who gave her the means of gratifying her passion for show, Lionel was contented, and amused himself with constructing various little machines that were fit for nothing but to put under glass covers, drawing patterns, and making wax flowers.

Of Miss Gyrston we know little. Happy should we be, could we hope she had learnt a moral lesson from Mr. Fairpoint's humiliating visit; but we have but little expectation, of that being the case; for we would sooner hope for amendment from one who committed the vice of a direct lie, than from one who imagined he had not transgressed the laws of virtue, merely because he had made use of a subterfuge.

EDITOR'S TABLE.



ITALIAN LITERATURE.—Paine & Burgess, New York, have commenced the publication of a highly attractive series of books, in uniform style, selected from the prose literature of Italy. It will embrace original translations from

the best works of the ITALIAN writers, with Original Notes, and Sketches in illustration of the Genius, the Lives and Times of the authors, translated and edited by C. EDWARD LESTER, U. S. Consul at Genoa; author of the "Glory and Shame of England," &c.

The first volume of this series is entitled, "*Ettore Fieramosca, or the challenge of Barletta; an Historical Romance of the times of the Medici; by Massimo D'Azeglio.*"

The historical reader is familiar with the exploits of the great Captain Gonsalvo of Cordova,

who commanded the Spanish forces in those contests for the possession of Italy, which took place about the time of Ferdinand and Isabella. The siege of Barletta occupies a prominent place among the events of those Italian campaigns, so vividly described by our historian, Prescott, who thus alludes to the "Challenge of Barletta:"

"A dispute arose soon after this affair between a French officer and some Italian noblemen, at Gonsalvo's table, in consequence of certain injurious reflections made by the former on the bravery of the Italian nation. The quarrel was settled by a combat à l'outrance between thirteen knights on each side, fought under the protection of the Great Captain, who took a lively interest in the success of his allies. It terminated in the discomfiture and capture of the French. The tourney covers more pages in the Italian historians than the longest battle, and is told with pride and a swell of exultation, which show that this insult of the French cut more deeply than all the injuries inflicted by them."

Pope Alexander VI. Paredes, Caesar Borgia, the Colonna, and others figure in this work, which has been admirably translated by Mr. Lester. It comes

before the American public with the following dedication to one who has indeed "thrown the soft light of romance and song over our working-day life in America." We transfer it to our pages with sincere pleasure.

TO GEORGE P. MORRIS.

DEAR GENERAL.—While every body else "in this land of noise, steam, and trouble," has been toiling out life, your *business* has been to live in society—your *pass-time* has been with the muses. You have thrown the soft light of romance and song, over our working-day life in America. How many times, years ago, did the "MIRROR" come like a winged messenger of peace and love, to our quiet homes, in the still country! How many of these cheerful homes where more cheerful when it came! We used to go to the village post office, Saturday evening, to get the "MIRROR," and then come home and tease our sisters—for we *would* read it *first*; and they would come and look over our shoulders, and beg us to let them take it *just a minute*, to see General Morris's last song, and we would *not* give it up until we had read it, and then they would go off and thump away on the piano-forte, just to tease us. Dear sisters!—some of them are care-worn mothers, and some are angels now.

It seems a "a long time ago"—Those bright homes around which you have poured so much romance, and such sweet song—we've wandered away from them and we *thought* we would be happy in the great world—! And now when we are tired, and crazed, we wish we could go back again—We *did* go back, and we looked for the flowers, and they were dead—the old songs and the bright eyed sisters, and the loved ones, and "they were gone, all gone;" and we bowed over the ruins of the altars of our early love, and wept.

When I think of those deserted homes over the deep sea, whose sad ruins still seem so beautiful, I think of you, and when the "New Mirror" comes I read your songs at I used to, and try to feel as you made me feel fifteen years ago. I wish I could pour some sun-light around a heart that has poured so much around mine. I'll try! You love a good romance I know. I offer you the best in the Italian tongue. If you happen to while away an idle hour over these beautiful creations as gaily as I have many a one in trying to transfuse the bright dreams of Italian romance into the rude speech of the north, I shall be well paid for my toil.

I commit this little messenger from the land of Dante to the New World to your keeping, and there is no one I would love to trust it with so well.

Faithfully, yours, C. EDWARDS LESTER.

GENOA PALAZZO LOMELLINA. }
New Year's Evening, 1845. }

A more touching and beautiful dedication we have never seen. How many and many a heart will respond to its truth!

POWER'S GREEK SLAVE.—Mr. Willis, writing from London, thus speaks of this piece of sculpture.

Power's statue of the "GREEK SLAVE," is one of

the topics of London, at this moment, and, in my opinion, if it fare as well, as to preservation, as the Venus de Medicis, it will be more admired than that first marble in the world, when London shall be what Rome is now. Power should be idolized by woman for the divine type of her, by which he has now elevated man's ideal of the sex. That so wonderfully beautiful thing can be true to nature—that this divine mould is unquestionably like some women—a conviction that must strike every beholder, at the same time that it makes him thank God that he is born one of this "kind," and makes him adore woman more intensely than before. This Greek slave stands for sale in the Turkish bazaar.—Her dress hangs over the pillar against which she leans, and she is nude with the exception of the chain hung from wrist to wrist. It is a girl of eighteen, of beauty just perfected. A particular criticism of the figure and limbs would hardly be interesting to those who are not to see the statue, and I can only speak of the expression of the face, which is one that gives the nude figure a complete character of purity—a look of calm and lofty indignation, wholly incapable of willing submission to her captors. Power has secured by this work, I fancy, commissions enough for new works to fully occupy his time. It was bought by an Englishman who has been offered four times the sum for it. If we are to believe one of the London critics (?) the chief merit of the statue is due to Mrs. Trollope, who discovered Power's genius when he was making wax figures in Cincinnati, and induced him to embrace the art and go to Italy!!!

THE COPYRIGHT LAW OF ENGLAND, AS AFFECTING FOREIGN AUTHORS.—A case of some interest to foreign authors has been decided in the English Court of Exchequer.

An action was brought by Mr. Chappel to recover damages for the infringement of his supposed copyright in the music of the Overture to Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, which was sold by the composer to one Troupinas, who assigned his interest to one Latour, from whom the plaintiff took his assignment. The defendant, Mr. Purday, having published and sold copies of the same music, the action was brought to restrain him from doing so.

"The Chief Baron stated there were two questions—first, whether the plaintiff could claim any copyright under the circumstances of the case; and secondly, whether failing that, he was protected by the statute laws of England. As to the first question, *there was no doubt whatever, that no foreigner residing abroad, and there composing a work could claim any protection for this work by the common law of this country.* A copyright is a creature of the municipal law of each country, and must be governed by its statutes, which have no extra-territorial power. A British subject, may, therefore, at common law, print and publish any French work in England. And the next question is, whether as regards the defendant, that power is in any way affected by the statutes relating to this subject. The terms of these statutes do not apply to foreign authors and their works. His lordship examined at some length the several cases which were cited, and concluded by

saying that their result was that neither a foreign author nor his assignee was protected in England by the statutes, if the work in question should appear to have been first published elsewhere than in this country. The plaintiff was nonsuited."

CHEAP MUSIC.—Since the last number of our magazine was published, Ferrett & Co. have issued, Part I. of their *Selections from Fry's Grand Opera, Leonora*, consisting of three songs for 25 cents, viz: "Return to me, ah! brother dear;" sung by Miss Ince—"Ah! Doomed Maiden"—sung by Mr. Seguin—and "Grant me one only hour," sung by Mr. Frazer. This selection is beautifully printed, and sold at an extraordinarily low price. All the gems of this Opera, arranged on a lower key, and abbreviate, will be published by Ferrett & Co.; also the entire Opera in the original key, with Recitatives, Choruses, Orchestral accompaniments, &c. as quickly as it can be prepared and passed through the press.

The same publishers have also issued, *Fourteen Celebrated Marches* for 25 cents; *Twelve Popular Quicksteps*, for 25 cents. *Melodies of Scotland—Eleven favorite songs and ballads*, for 25 cents.—*Punch's Mazurkas*, seven for 12½ cents. Part II. of selections from *LEONORA*, price 25 cts.

This is a wonderful reduction in the price of music—a reduction that cannot but be hailed as a great public benefit. Persons who have been in the habit of paying three and four times the price for music that this is sold for, take it up and examine it with an incredulous and doubtful air. They think there must be some trick about it; or that it must be vastly inferior to the old style of music. In a little while, doubt and incredulity give place to a conviction that all is right, and then their expressions of gratification at this change are warm and free. We are pleased to state that, the publishers have a large quantity of music in press, and that they are straining every nerve to meet the increasing demand for their publications.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"*The Medici Series of Italian Prose*," we have already mentioned. *The Challenge of Barletta*, by D'Azeglio, is the first book. It contains 274 pages, and is sold at fifty cents. "The Florentine Histories," by Machiavelli. "The Citizen of a Republic," by Ceba, a Genoese, and "The Auto-biography of Alfieri," will appear in quick succession. The Harpers have given us a new work from the pen of Miss Bremer—*Life in Delacaria*. It is said by those who have read it, to be one of the choicest productions of the author's pen. *The Coming of the Mammoth, The Funeral of Time, and other Poems*; BY HENRY B. HIRST, is a very handsome book from the press of PHILLIPS and SAMPSON, Boston. We have placed this volume in the hands of one who has himself written many sweet poems, and much fine prose. His opinion of the book we hope to be able to give next month. For ourself, we have not leisure enough to do justice to a volume of poems. From the press of E. Ferrett & Co. has been issued a cheap reprint of that very popular book "*Marriage*," by the au-

thor of "Destiny," and the "Inheritance." Of the writer of this work, Walter Scott, spoke thus in the conclusion of his *Tales of My Landlord*. "There remains behind not only a large harvest, but laborers capable of gathering it in. More than one writer has of late displayed talents of this description, and if the present author, himself a phantom, may be permitted to distinguish a brother or sister shadow, he would mention in particular the author of the very lively work entitled *Marriage*." There has been a great call for an edition of this book, and we are glad to see it supplied. "Inheritance," by the same author, is in press. Ferrett & Co. have also issued a cheap reprint of another old, but highly popular book, Mrs. Hamilton's "*Cottagers of Glenburnie*." They have also published *Anna Milnor and other Tales*. By T. S. Arthur. *Louisa Mildmay*. By the author of "*Two Old Men's Tales, Mount Sorrel*," &c. and "*Violina*," by Fouqué. The last book is the first number of a series of German Romances, to embrace the most popular works of Fouqué, Teick, Caroline Pichler, Schmid, Hauff, and others, which will form a most acceptable library of cheap reading

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

ORIGINAL AMERICAN VIEWS.—We publish in this number another of Frankenstein's Original American Views. It is taken from Bellevue Springs, and represents the Falls of Niagara in the distance. We hope to be able to give the first of his *Western Views* in the number for October.

A NEW ANNUAL FOR 1846.

The publishers of this Magazine have in press a new and elegant annual for 1846, entitled "*THE SNOW FLAKE, A GIFT FOR INNOCENCE AND BEAUTY*." EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR." It will be a superb volume, as no expense will be spared in the embellishments, letter press, and literary department in order to make it the most acceptable gift book of the coming season.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN AGENT.—All remittances of money for this magazine can be sent at our charge for postage. Those wishing to take our magazine, need not apply to any agent or post master, but write direct to us, enclosing a year's subscription, (\$2) or the price of a club, in funds current in the state where they reside, and we will pay the postage. This simplifies the whole matter of subscription, perfectly, and makes the communication between publishers and subscribers, as it should be, direct.

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* * * We would particularly request our brethren of the press to send us only such of their papers as contain notices of our magazine. Postage is a heavy tax on us.

* * * All letters that do not contain remittances of money for this work, must be paid to ensure attention.



PONTIA.

E. Ferrell & Co 68 South Fourth St Philadelphia

Review of the South Pacific in Philadelphia



G. S. Mackintosh

J. H. B. Scott

HANK LICK, KENTUCKY.

Published by G. S. Mackintosh, 69 South Fourth St. Philadelphia.